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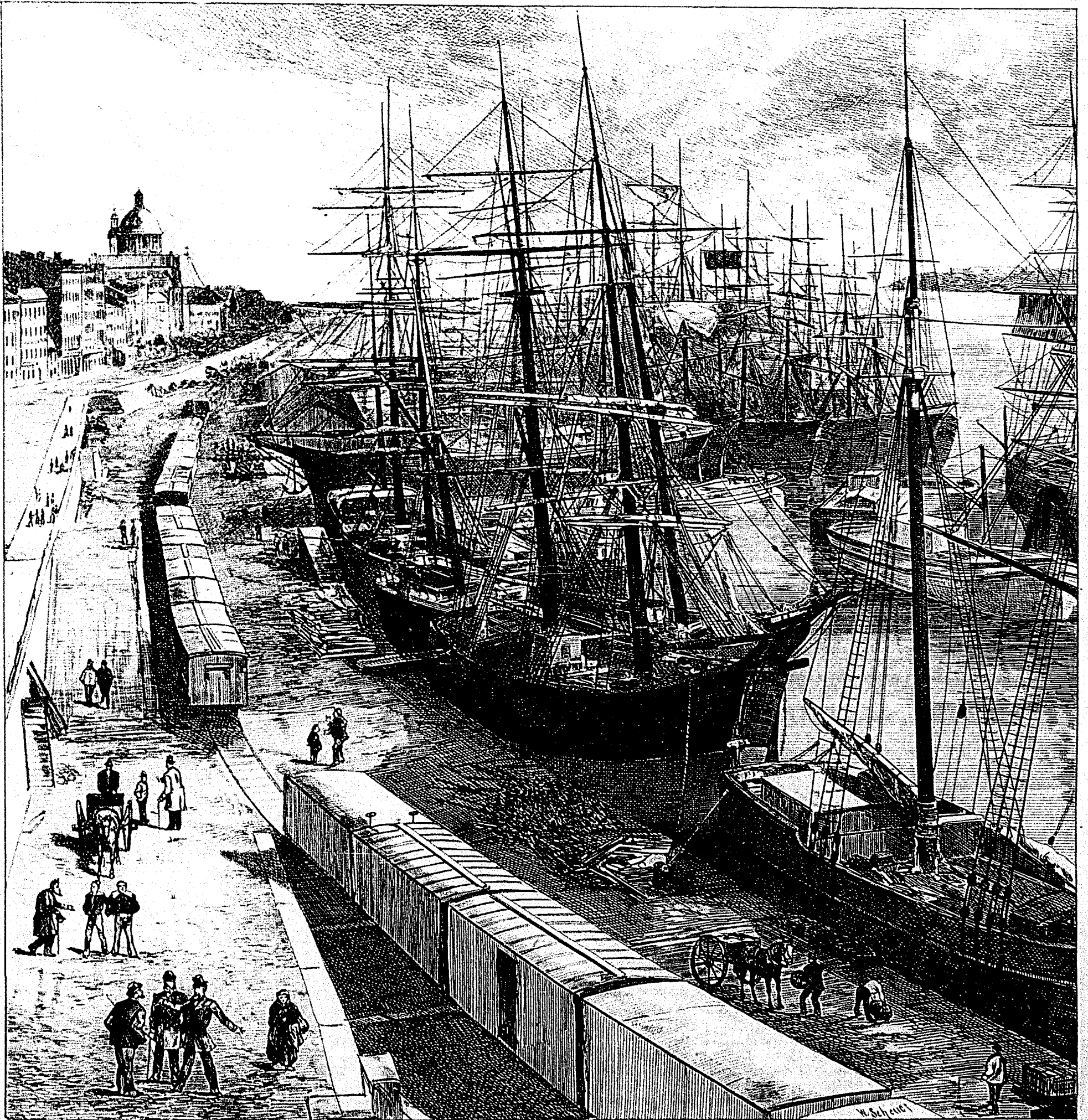
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MONTREAL:—VIEW OF THE PORT, LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 1st July, 1876.

A VITAL QUESTION.

There are many aspects of the present situation of this country which give rise to serious thought. There is no philosophy or patriotism in alarm, but really it is well to have one's eyes open and to view things as they are, without the glamour of false issues, induced by blind partisanship. The state of the Dominion is by no means what it should be, and the prospects of the future are not reassuring. To take only one example—the question of emigration. It is painfully clear that it is at present in a very unsatisfactory state. The stream of immigration is not flowing as continuously nor in such volume as our necessities demand. We must have immigrants, and plenty of them. Our natural increase is not at all sufficient to meet the growing requirements of the country. All our public works—canal and railway—are dependent, for their being, on the increment of our foreign population. We must have hands to build these works, and families for whom these works may become profitable. Otherwise, if we are to remain within our primitive limits, we shall have to be content with our primitive population and its natural ratio of increase. We know of no subject, in the whole wide range of public topics, which ought more steadily, more energetically, and more patriotically to engage the attention of the press and people than this of immigration. It can suffer no check. It will allow of no dilatoriness, and especially it cannot afford to be the field of intrigue or double-dealing. We have before us a pamphlet published by DAWSON BROTHERS, of this city, containing the report of ex-Agent General JENKINS, for 1875, and extracted bodily from the blue book of the year. Whatever may be said of Mr. JENKINS, and that colonial building of his in London, the present report is a very valuable one, as giving a clear insight of the immigration prospects on the whole continent of Europe. It is the result of a personal visit in France, Switzerland, Bavaria and Prussia, with important data on the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. It contains a variety of most useful intelligence and abounds with suggestions of the highest practical moment. The conclusion to be drawn from it all is, that there is little, if anything, to be hoped from French emigration. Swiss emigration might be made considerable, but Canada is absolutely unknown there, and the absence of a direct line from Havre or Antwerp is a fatal drawback. Furthermore, there were complaints from prominent men, of misunderstanding as to terms with the Canadian and Provincial Governments. Spite, however, of these objections, Mr. JENKINS states that a considerable emigration might be obtained from Switzerland of agriculturists, both laborers and farmers, first, by cheapening the rates; secondly, by direct steamers; thirdly, by improving and increasing the propaganda in the press and otherwise,

and fourthly, by better organization and better treatment in Canada. Mr. JENKINS also discusses the elaborate scheme of a Mr. Joos, Federal Councillor, for colonization or emigration in large bodies, which strikes us as statesmanlike and which we venture to commend to the proper authorities at Ottawa. Certainly, considering the keen competition of Australia and the United States, we cannot refuse to strain a point, if necessary, to secure such accessions as are foreshadowed in the project. Precisely the same remark applies to the plan of Madame Vox KOEHLER of getting the Frauenvereins to organize the emigration of German women to Canada. It is stated that there is an excess of females in Germany, said to amount to more than a million. Let them come over here, and not only will we find them employment, but husbands as well. The last point which was forced upon Mr. JENKINS was that some *bonus in aid is essential* to anything like a successful emigration. The general opinion seemed to be that, considering the higher rates from the Continent, as compared with those of Great Britain, the longer distance, and the greater ignorance about the country, the bonus should amount to £1 10s., or £2 sterling. When he wrote, a vessel for South Australia was shortly about to leave Hamburg which carried 500 persons, the whole of whose passage money was paid—although many of them were well off.

Our space will not allow us to go further into this matter, but we think Mr. JENKINS was right in publishing his report separately, in order that everybody might become acquainted with its facts, and that thus popular opinion might support, or if need be, stimulate the Government to earnest, intelligent, and persevering action in the vital cause of immigration.

THE RESIDENCE QUALIFICATION.

We are gratified to see that, at length, there is a growing disposition throughout the country to dispense with the condition of residence in Parliamentary elections. The custom always prevailed more or less, but was ostentatiously revived at the time of Confederation, and has been observed until now, when experience is beginning to show that there is little to recommend it. The law is binding in the United States, from which, doubtless, we adopted it, but every observer of American institutions is painfully aware that precisely to this circumstance is owing much of the disfavor into which the legislative bodies at Washington have fallen. Time was when the United States Senate stood high in the eye of the world, and the chief ambition of every American youth was to become a United States Senator. There was a time, also, when the House of Representatives contained the best elements of American culture, probity and statesmanship. But with the growth of the country, and the rapid settlement of the West, the scene changed and the standard was lowered. District upon district in the interior sent its representatives to Congress, and what specimens the majority have proved to be is only too apparent to those who read the proceedings of the House.

It is clear that, when all things are equal, a resident of a county or riding should be selected over a non-resident for Parliamentary honors. But where things are not equal, it is altogether best to choose a non-resident. With the usual recklessness of our political conflicts, both parties have used the "non-resident cry," as it suited their purposes, and the consequence has been the defeat of most important men who ought to be in Parliament. Now that both parties are suffering from their selfish error, they unite in demanding a healthier appreciation from the public of the merits of a representative. Mr. SCATCHMAN was elected for Middlesex, the other day, notwithstanding that he resides outside of the constituency. Mr. EDGAR, although living in Toronto, is at present seeking the suffrages of the elec-

tors of South Ontario. We have in Montreal a large number of residents representing rural counties. This is very well. We trust that, hereafter, we shall hear no more of the non-resident disqualification *per se*, and whichever side starts it again should be held up to merited animadversion by the press. We have none too many able and worthy public men, and our Parliamentary bodies should be, in the largest sense, the representatives of the best qualities of Canadian manhood, intelligence and honor.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The game of politics has been reduced to such a science in the United States that outsiders, knowing little or nothing of the principles at stake, watch its different phases with much of the interest manifested in matches of cricket, yachting or billiards. In the forthcoming Presidential election, the forces are so evenly balanced that this kind of mechanical interest is considerably enhanced, and from this point of view, it may truly be asserted that the campaign will be the most interesting of any that has taken place in the history of the country.

The following tables, compiled with some care, will give a pretty accurate idea of the chances in favor of either side. The Republicans may safely count upon:

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. Includes Illinois (21), Iowa (11), Kansas (5), Maine (7), Massachusetts (13), Michigan (11), Minnesota (5), Nebraska (3), New Hampshire (5), Ohio (22), Pennsylvania (29), Rhode Island (1), South Carolina (7), Vermont (5), Wisconsin (10), Total (156).

The Democrats may claim:

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. Includes Alabama (10), Arkansas (6), California (6), Connecticut (6), Delaware (3), Florida (4), Georgia (11), Kentucky (12), Louisiana (8), Maryland (8), Mississippi (8), Missouri (15), Nevada (3), North Carolina (10), Oregon (3), Tennessee (12), Texas (8), Virginia (11), West Virginia (5), Total (149).

The four doubtful States are:

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. Includes Colorado (3), Indiana (15), New Jersey (9), New York (35), Total (62).

The electoral vote stands thus:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Votes. Includes Total (369), Majority (185), For the Republicans (158), For the Democrats (149), Doubtful (62).

If the Democrats carry New York, thus adding its 35 votes to the 149 conceded to them, they will count 184, or one less than the majority. In that case, the Republicans would have to carry the three other doubtful States, thus adding 27 votes to their 158, and reaching exactly 185 or one more than the Democrats.

The chances are, therefore, nicely balanced, and with the above tables before us, we can quietly assist at the tournament and calculate on the prospects of victory.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY.

The present Government of England has won golden opinions for its prompt and energetic diplomatic action in the present Eastern difficulties. John Bull is no longer disposed to remain passive and quiescent in Continental affairs. The whole public feeling of Britain, to say nothing of the preponderating influence of the army and navy, warmly supports the national policy of Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI. We foreshadowed the secret of England's policy in our last number. We are pleased to see that the French papers, received by this week's mail, understand it thoroughly and explain it with admirable clearness. The Gazette de France says that people in France do not sufficiently bear in mind the enormous interests England has at stake in the East. All the efforts of her policy have tended to protect those interests. England may have confined herself to neutrality while war was raging on the Continent, and tolerated with apparent indifference the disturbance of balance of power. But in the East it was necessary to turn over a new leaf. With a sagacity which does credit to the present Cabinet, the British Government devoted itself to

watching step by step all the shifting courses of Russian policy; and when the hour arrived that by longer delay English interests might be compromised at some time more or less remote, the Queen's Government acted with a promptness and decision that took the whole world by surprise. For the moment England carries the day. The policy which tended to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire has sustained an unquestionable check. Under the patronage of Great Britain, Turkey is about to endeavour to maintain her unity, while granting to her Christian subjects reforms which, while excluding the autonomy or half-independence of the provinces, are calculated to satisfy all reasonable requirements. English policy, it is therefore easy to understand, has a double object in view—the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire and an improvement in the condition of the Christians. If England can achieve this double object, Russia will have sustained a considerable check. Mr. JOHN LEMOINNE says:—The revolution in Turkey was expected—perhaps prepared—in England. The attitude of the English Government had changed the state of the Eastern question, and the despatch of her fleet to the Mediterranean showed that England was determined not to let the affair be settled without her. We were the first to point out that the adhesion of France to the Berlin Memorandum only signified a Platonic assent, a mere desire to strengthen the pacific efforts of the Powers, and not a co-operation in the event of active measures. It is clear that on this point we shall always have to consult England in preference to any other Power. The result of the revolution in Turkey will therefore be the quashing of all ideas of intervention which may have been conceived by the Powers represented at the Berlin Conference, from whom Austria may perhaps be struck out, for Austria must be relieved by the change in the situation, and no doubt England reckoned on this tacit satisfaction.

The Hon. JOHN H. CAMPBELL has given an opinion in regard to the right of the Provincial Legislatures to limit the number of liquor licenses. He says:—"I have no doubt that the Provincial Legislatures have the power to require that a license shall be necessary to sell spirituous liquors, &c., to determine the fee or duty that shall be payable therefor, and to make regulations respecting the issuing of licenses, but I am of opinion that whenever any brewer has complied with these regulations, whether enacted directly by the Legislature or by any municipality under the authority of the Legislature, he is entitled to a license on payment of the license fee, and that the Provincial Parliament has no power to enact a law that he shall have it only at the discretion of the municipality or Commissioners, under such circumstances."

The beautiful town of St. Johns, on the banks of the Richelieu, has been the victim of a catastrophe which has created the deepest impression of sympathy throughout the Province, and even throughout the country. St. Johns is one of the oldest and most historic points in Canada, being prominently connected in our annals with many military events of importance, and associated with the names of CHAMPLAIN, MONTCALM, MONTGOMERY, CARLETON, BURGUYNE, DE LOURMIEU, DE SALABERRY, PROVOST, and others. It is to be hoped that the energy of the inhabitants will triumph over the present disaster, and that the chief town of the Richelieu Valley—the garden of Quebec—will arise from its ashes more prosperous than ever.

In accordance with the recommendation of General SMYTH, the Dominion Government has sent orders to England for the purchase of five 64-pounder rifled guns, to be mounted at Negrotown Point, for the protection of St. John, N. B., harbor. Orders have also been issued for the partial armament of Point L'avis, at Quebec.

With this number, we begin a new volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We take the opportunity to salute our friends and patrons, and urge them to do all in their power to support the paper themselves and spread its circulation among their friends.

PLACE D'ARMES.

I.

The events which I am about to narrate occurred in that period of the history of Canada known as the Heroic Age. Quebec had been founded, Champlain had been dead seven years, and the people still mourned for their generous, and chivalrous patron. Quebec had been taken by the English and restored. A busy traffic in furs and native commodities, was being carried on by the Hundred Associates, and the Iroquois had become the deadly enemies of the settlers from France.

At this period of the early history of Canada, (being the year 1642) there landed one morning in May, near the site of the ancient village of Hochelaga, a band of fifty men, sent out by one of the companies who had interests in the New France. It was commanded by M. De Maissonneuve, a man of noble family, possessed of an active and athletic frame and a spirit brave, pious and honorable. His object was to found a colony on the large and fertile Island of Montreal.

Its important geographical position had been noted by these early settlers, and it was the desire of forming a station favorable for the receiving of the products of the chase and the traffic in consequence carried on, which led to the choice above mentioned.

M. De Maissonneuve was accompanied by the Superior of the Order of Jesuits, and forming in solemn procession on the banks of the river, the whole party wended their way to the spot which had been selected for the performance of the ceremony of naming and blessing the city. The Superior, dressed in his official robes, headed the procession and was accompanied by M. De Maissonneuve and some of his clerical brethren, while the fifty colonists with uncovered heads and serious aspect slowly followed. The spot chosen for the ceremony was a slight hillock, a short distance from the river, which gave the widest view that could be obtained without going on the mountain, while its proximity to the river gave an admirable prospect in that direction. Having arrived at this spot, the colonists arranged themselves in a circle in the centre of which stood the Superior and his assistants.

Mass was solemnly proclaimed after which, amid the acclamations of all present, the future commercial metropolis was named Ville-Marie.

No time was lost in commencing to work. A large palisade was erected on the spot where the ceremony had been performed, and served as a general storeroom. It was also used as a common shelter until other dwellings were erected.

They had been warned by Governor D'Aillebont of the danger to which they were subject, on account of the Iroquois, and he advised them to build their dwellings in a circular form so that a wide view of the surrounding country might be obtained. The Governor also sent them a number of laborers from Quebec to assist them. The work of erecting these dwellings was cheerfully engaged in and the following winter saw them all comfortably lodged and in a prosperous condition. Matters went on smoothly for a number of years. There was the usual sowing and reaping of the crops, the improving of their dwellings, and the erection of others for their now increasing followers. But, in the year 1663, rumors reached M. De Maissonneuve of certain movements among the Iroquois, which he considered rendered great precaution and watchfulness on his part absolutely necessary. Accordingly guards were stationed at the principal outposts with order to maintain a vigilant look out. For several days this precaution seemed to the guard useless as not a sign of an intruder was visible. But on the fifth day the monotony of their watch was broken by the appearance of three dusky Iroquois, who, with menacing gestures, invited them to approach. This the guard would readily have done, had it not been contrary to their instructions, consequently they were obliged to satisfy themselves by sending after them a musket shot which caused them to retire.

II.

M. De Maissonneuve was a man of great caution as well as of determined bravery; and during his tenure of the office of Governor of the Island he had studied the Indian character and had listened attentively to the reports and experiences of old settlers. He therefore believed that the appearance of these Indians in bands of only two and three was a ruse to draw his men into ambush. How far he was correct we shall presently see.

The refusal of permission to follow up these bands, and punish their impertinence, caused considerable dissatisfaction among many of the younger portion of the guard, and at length it began to be whispered that M. De Maissonneuve was really a coward at heart and afraid to venture his knightly person in an encounter with the Iroquois. These rumors eventually reached the ears of the commandant himself, and considering his personal reputation and honor at stake,

he gave orders that he wished to be immediately informed of the next appearance of any Iroquois.

He had not long to wait. Next day while at dinner, it being about one o'clock in the afternoon of a bright, sunny day, information was received of a band about ten in number being some three hundred yards away and performing the same threatening and taunting gestures which had so much annoyed the guard. Immediately, the commandant gave orders for instant preparations to pursue, and to the number of fifty, they sallied forth. On seeing the colonists advance they commenced to retreat at exactly the same rate, when, after having proceeded about one hundred paces, M. De Maissonneuve gave the command to halt, and began to divide his company into two portions for the purpose of extending their line of observations. But while in the midst of these movements, they were surprised by a sudden chorus of yells, sufficient to make the boldest heart leap from its place in sudden fear. During the next fifteen minutes occurred a scene of the wildest fury and bloodshed. The sudden attack and the fearful savage whoops were sufficient to make even the most experienced start in alarm, and lose their presence of mind. Besides this, the disordered condition in which they were attacked rendered the opposition of a bold front very difficult, and for a considerable time, the fight consisted of a series of hand-to-hand skirmishes in which the strength of the colonists scarcely was superior to the agility of their enemies. M. de Maissonneuve fought with wonderful bravery, and after tremendous efforts, succeeded in getting his men together, after which he ordered a retreat, which was effected in good order. The Iroquois, satisfied for the time with their success, retreated exultingly.

The effects of this encounter were very salutary. No longer was M. De Maissonneuve's bravery questioned; but he was loudly praised, and his influence greatly increased. Moreover, the colonists became much more wary and watchful, and contentedly applied their energies to objects of more moment than encounters with Indians, although when occasion required, their bravery always rose with the necessity of the case.

The spot which was the scene of this encounter was called, in commemoration of the event, "Place d'Armes."

Many years have passed since then. A fountain plays over the spot where that desperate struggle took place; and the towers of Notre Dame overshadow it. The wealth of busy commerce is heaped in the palatial edifices which surround it, and over the ground which long ago was stained by the blood of the founders of our noble city, youth and beauty now tread.

R. S. W.

EPIZOOTY.

Whenever a contagious illness manifests itself, the local authority should be notified so as to take measures of necessary precaution, and circumscribe the disease as much as possible. On Wednesday last, 14th inst., at 7 o'clock P. M., in the Petit Rang of St. Hyacinthe, I observed the presence of the white ulcer on a brood mare belonging to Mr. Edouard Gauvin who did not know that she was ailing till the forenoon of the same day, and the next morning the beast died. Another Mr. Gauvin, neighbour and relation of the first, lost three horses of the same illness in the first week of June. This gentleman told me another farmer of the Grand Rang also lost two valuable horses. The 16th inst., a farmer of the Grand Rang showed me a young colt fifteen days old who was attacked by the same disease. The *Miner* mentions to-day the appearance of a contagious illness which has partly destroyed a lot of hogs belonging to Mr. Hunsley behind the Montreal Mountain. The *Scientific Agricole*, in its last number, urges farmers to take the precaution to prevent the appearance of the essential ulcer, which generally makes its ravages at this season. It shows also the symptoms which differ a little from the glossantrax or white ulcer of which this one is a kind of mischievous pustule which affects the tongue and the palate. The tongue sometimes falls to pieces or gangrene goes nearer and nearer the larynx and the pharynx, also the entrance of the digestive tube, a part of the head swells, often the cheeks, the scum goes out from the mouth and nostrils and the animal dies very quickly.

The glossantrax which one perceives when it has already made some progress, requires a sudden and energetic treatment. This illness is so terrible that it often does not give time to apply any remedies. As soon as it breaks out in a place it is necessary to redouble precautions in food, cleanliness, exercise &c. The horses should not be exposed to the heat nor to excitement. Those which are affected should be separated from the rest, washed with boiling water and then with hydrochlorides, their stable disinfected etc. The liquor which may be used is water whitened with some bran in which is poured some oxymel, that is two parts of honey and a part of vinegar mixed together, or else gentian powder. The disease is very contagious and communicates itself very quickly, not only to the animals but also to the men who are charged to take care of them. These ought to wash their hands with vinegar and take care to have no cuts, or abrasions of any kind. The causes of this illness are generally due to the season, drought, heavy rains, the use of various feed, impure water and uncleanness of the stables, hard work, &c.

H. AUDRAIN.

St. Hyacinthe, 21st June, 1876.

ANDREW ROBERTSON, ESQ.

Andrew Robertson, President of the Dominion Board of Trade, is a Scotchman by birth, having been born in Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1827. In 1841, he went to Glasgow, to learn the "Dry Goods" or, as it is there termed, the "Soft Goods" business, after which he became a manufacturer of textile fabrics in that city, which he was obliged to leave in consequence of severe illness. Change of climate being recommended, he was induced to try Canada, where he arrived in the spring of 1853. After consideration, he selected Montreal as the most suitable place, and returned home in the fall. He again came out with his wife and family, when he entered into business as a Dry Goods merchant and is now senior partner of the large and well known firm of Robertson Linton & Co.

Mr. Robertson has been connected with many of our Public Societies and Charities, having been Treasurer, Vice-President and President of the St. Andrew's Society, for several years. He is at present, and has for some years been Treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital, one of the best known and most important of our City Charities; he has also been an active member of the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade, and was this year elected President of the Board, having occupied the position of Vice-President the previous two years.

At the last meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade, held in Ottawa, in January, he was unanimously elected President of that board.

In the Department of Trade in which Mr. Robertson is specially engaged, his views are looked on as worthy of consideration and are respected accordingly. He has been closely identified with and has taken a deep interest in the various statutes concerning insolvency since the law took effect in 1864, and has been the means of getting introduced many suggestions to facilitate its operation.

From his few public utterances, Mr. Robertson, although a Scotchman by birth, is a Canadian at heart, and considers Canada his permanent abode. Having watched the progress of the Dominion for nearly a quarter of a century he anticipates, for the future, after the present cloud is dispelled, and the silver lining again appears, that the Dominion will progress and increase as it has done in the past.

On the 22nd inst., at Elmhurst, the beautiful residence of Mr. Robertson, his second daughter, Agnes Grant, was married to James Johnston, Jr., son of James Johnston, Esq., Ailsa. Immediately after the interesting ceremony, the happy party started on a bridal tour to the United States. For the sake of the father, no less than of themselves, we wish the bride and bridegroom all the happiness which true love can impart to souls that were made for one another.

COLONEL GUGY.

An editorial writer in the *Mail* says:—At an age, which, though not stated or actually known to us, we presume must be on the far side of three score years and ten, Col. Gugy, a somewhat remarkable man, has gone to his rest, at his old home in Beauport, Province of Quebec. Up to a comparatively recent date his well-known figure might have been seen on the streets of Quebec, though more frequently in the saddle. He was a type of gentleman of whom there are not many in these dollar-making days. With all the politeness of a Parisian he had that sturdy sense of honour and noble bearing which perhaps are more characteristic of the Englishman, such as he was in fact. He received his education under the late Bishop STRACHAN, at the old Cornwall school. After a fitful sort of fashion he served his country in various capacities—in connection with the militia force, as Stipendiary Magistrate in Montreal, and as Adjutant-General; but he was everlastingly in hot water, fancying himself slighted, and either warring against the head of the Government or the Government itself. Elected to the Legislature of Lower Canada, he was found in determined opposition to the Papineau Party. He took an active part in putting down the rebellion of 1837-8. He was a strong man in a mob, and always to be found on the side of peace and order. He wrote much on military subjects, and on the abuses of the law; indeed he was a famous pamphleteer. He was a man who, had his energies been properly directed, would have acquired distinction in any country, and in many walks of life. He led a comparatively retired life for some years; and was indeed much better known to the last than he is to the present generation. Had he been a wealthier man he would have been a *grand seigneur*.

NEW CAMPBELLTON, CAPE BRETON.

This picturesque and beautiful little harbor is situated within the Great Bras d'Or entrance and twenty-five miles below Braddock, the chief town of Victoria County. It is the port of shipment of all the produce of the fertile plateau extending from the waters of the Lake and Ocean to the foot of the giant ridge of—Syenite St. Anne's Mountains—which rises sheer from the plain to the height of 1,000 or 1,500 feet along its northern boundary.

Besides being a rich agricultural district, this portion of Victoria embraces the north-west section of the Cape Breton coal field whose mining operations are vigorously prosecuted by Hon. C. J. Campbell, whose enterprise has built up the commercial interests of the port and from whom

it has derived its name. A railway of some three miles in length connects the several mines with the shipping pier shown in the sketch.

In addition to coal, the district abounds in limestone of finest quality which constitutes the foot-hills along the base of the mountain, and an examination is about to be undertaken with a view of testing the quality of the syenite of the vicinity as a commercial product. The finest facilities for shipment exist, as the largest vessels afloat can moor to the bank and receive cargo without the intermission of pier or railway.

The shore and bank fishery also receive considerable attention, the Lake and adjacent rivers abounding with cod, herring, mackerel, halibut, lobsters, &c., the two former at all seasons, being taken through the ice during the winter. The general character of the Bras d'Or Lake is probably unexcelled by anything of the kind in the Dominion, affording every variety of landscape from the quietest pastoral to the wildest effects of mountain scenery. And among the many points of interest opened up by a round trip over its waters on the good steamer "Neptune," few exceed in picturesque beauty the little harbor of New Campbelltown, familiarly known as "Kelly's Cove."

THE GLEANER.

The production of coal in England was \$4,500,000 tons in 1855, and 125,000,000 in 1875. The total number of deaths in the mines is upward of 1,000 per year.

At the recent fancy dress ball of the Lord Mayor of London, fifteen gentlemen appeared clad in white dress coats, waistcoats, and trousers, and black linen shirts, collars, and cuffs. The suggestion came from Du Maurier the artist, in *Punch*.

MR. BRASSEY, M. P., is selecting a party of friends to make a trip round the world in a vessel which he is building for the purpose. He intends starting late in July or early in August, and making for Japan, whence he will pass on through the Straits of Magellan.

South Norwalk, Conn., has a genuine hermit. He lives in a floorless hovel lighted by three windows made of a small pane of glass each. Crows, skunks, woodchucks, fish, and other game are his food. He is 58, intelligent, and a good conversationalist. Why he lives as he does is a mystery.

THE Paris *Gaulois* says that the English iron, clad Sultan, now commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh, was constructed on a model made by a French engineer—Canivet—whose drawings, approved by the Emperor, were sent to the Minister of Marine and there forgotten. Driven to despair, Canivet finally sold his plans to England, and in 1869, made frantic by suffering, blew out his brains.

THE Horse Guards authorities have determined to introduce a new head-dress into the British army. They are about to adopt for all the infantry and artillery a helmet of black leather, shaped like the white helmet which has been for some years worn by our troops in India. The first corps upon which the experiment is to be tried will be the Royal Engineers, to whom the new helmet will be issued in the early part of next year.

A STARTLING theory has been raised in connection with the theft of Gainsborough's picture. There seemed at first to be no possible motive for theft inasmuch as it would be a "white elephant" of which the thief could not possibly get rid. It is now suggested, however, that the robbery had been nicely timed with the expiration of the Extradition Treaty with America, and that the perpetrator will be able either to sell the picture to a dealer in the United States, or that he will be able to exhibit it.

LITERARY.

JOAQUIN MULLER has written "A Song of the Centennial."

THE Byron memorial fund amounts to \$15,000. An exhibition of the various models for the statue will be held in South Kensington Museum, London, in October.

MR. and MRS. MAXWELL (Miss Braddon) are said to be about to leave England for America, where they intend to reside. Miss Braddon will give readings through the United States.

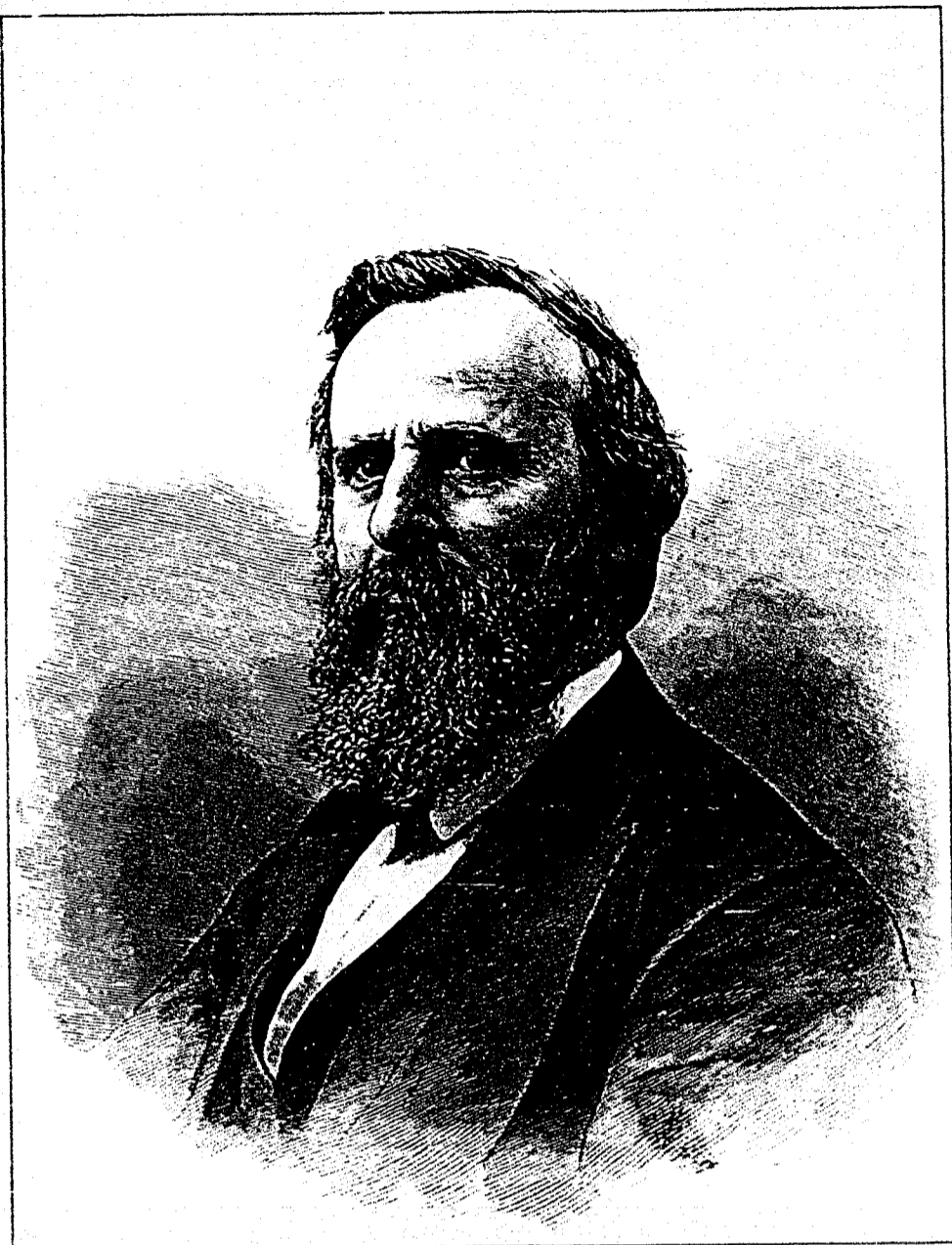
A picture in the British Royal Academy has the inscription: "Journeys end in lovers' meeting. Every wise man's son doth know."

The *London Times* says, "We earnestly hope that this quotation, with which we candidly confess our unfamiliarity, is not by any famous poet; since, logically considered, it is little less than idiotic." The lines occur in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

MISS ANTOINETTE POLK., a daughter of the soldier-bishop of Tennessee—Leonidas Polk—and niece of the late President Polk, was a belle, last winter, of society in Rome. She is "The one Fair Woman" of Joaquin Miller's latest romance.

MRS. CRAIK, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is erecting a drinking fountain under a railway arch near her residence in Kent, England, with the singular addition of a constant supply of penny loaves and a money-box. The idea is that wayfarers will pay for what they take.

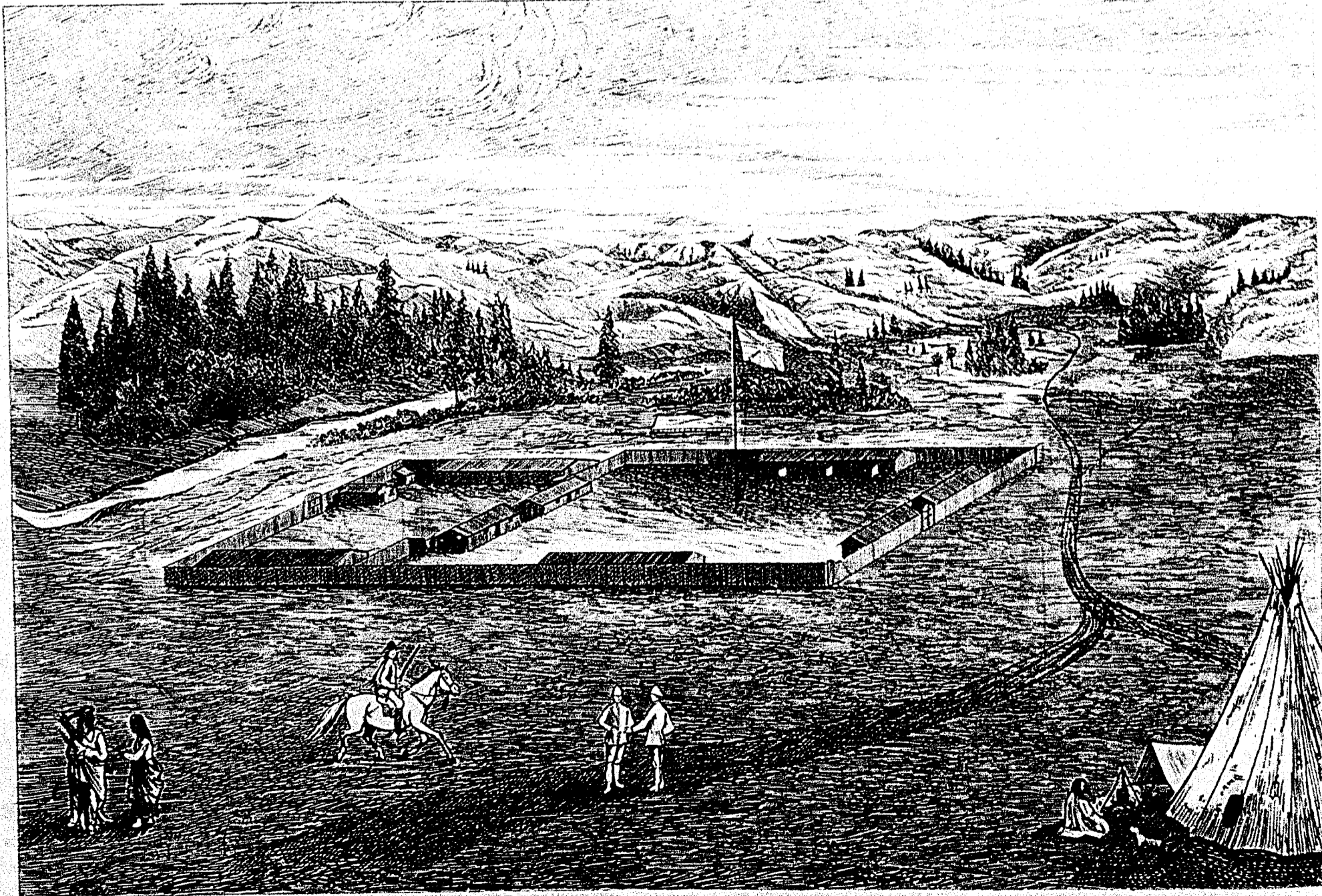
DR. RUSSELL is engaged on an account of the tour in India, and of the visits of the Prince of Wales to the Courts of Athens, Cairo, Madrid, Lisbon, &c. Mr. Sydney Hall, who accompanied his Royal Highness as special artist, has received the Prince of Wales's sanction to illustrate the work, which will be published, early in the autumn.



THE HON. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, OF OHIO.

THE HON. WILLIAM A. WHEELER, OF NEW YORK.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



NORTH WEST TERRITORY:—FORT WALSH, CYPRESS MOUNTAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. J. DELANY.

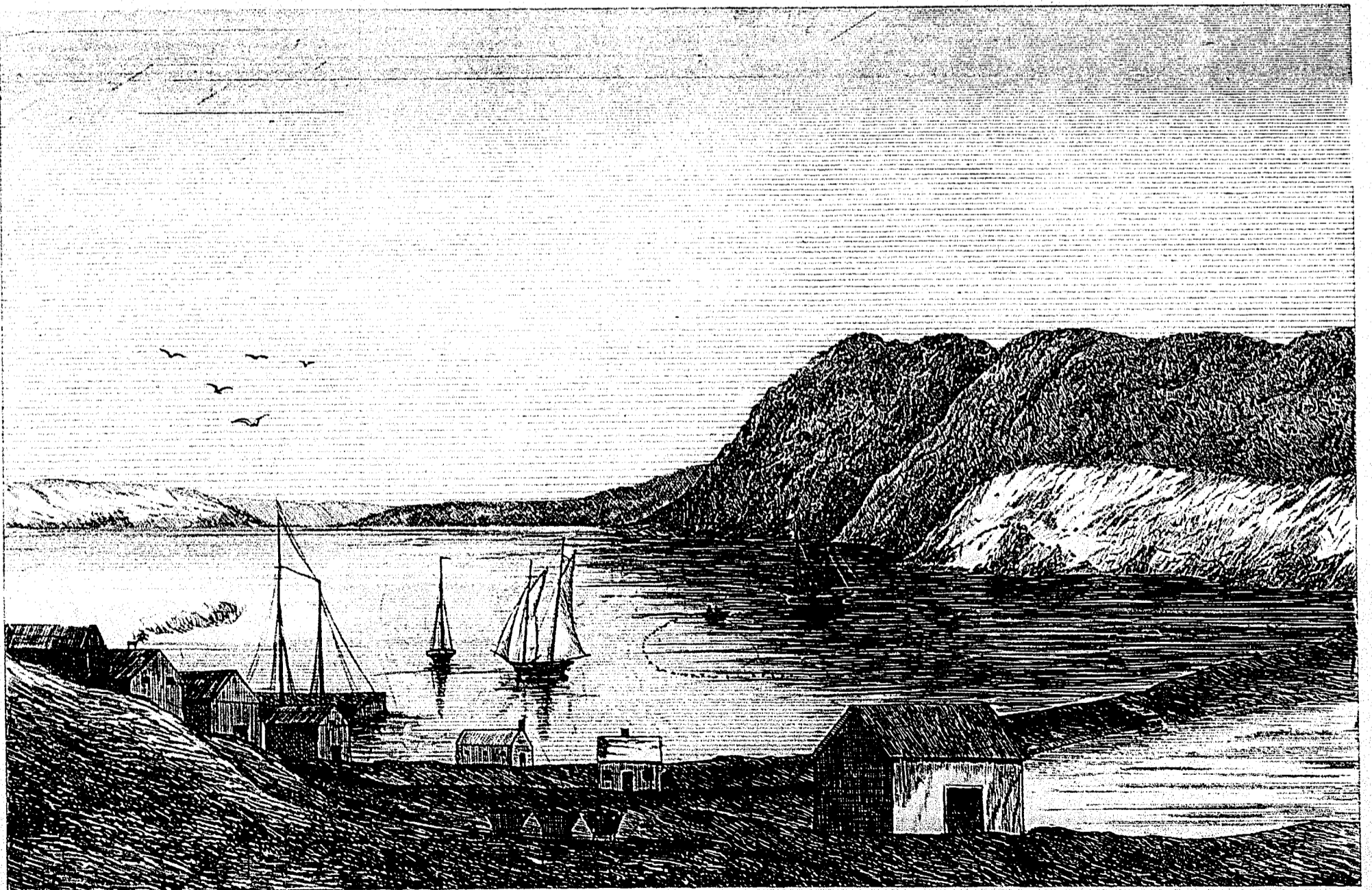
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 278.—THE LATE COL. GUGY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLISON.



No. 279.—ANDREW ROBERTSON, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINION BOARD OF TRADE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



NEW CAMPBELLTON, CAPE BRETON.

UNKNOWN POETRY OF POE.

The 1845 edition of Poe's poems was the last collection published during their author's life-time, and although many of his early pieces were omitted from it, there does not appear to be any reason for supposing that he would have objected to the republication of the remainder, as long as they were written, and devoid of the "improvements" which some of his compositions were subject to while going "the rounds of the press."

This—Edgar Poe's first book—was printed, although not published, in Boston in 1827. It is entitled "Tamerlane, and other Poems," and contains only forty pages. The title-page is graced by a couplet from Cowper :

Young heads are giddy and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.

From the preface to the little volume thus modestly heralded, is learned that its contents were chiefly written in the years 1821-2, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year. "They were not, of course," he remarks, "intended for publication, and why they are now published concerns no one but himself."

Beside "Tamerlane," which occupies seventeen pages of this booklet, there are nine "Fugitive Pieces;" three of these are reprinted, nearly verbatim, in the current collections, and another in a somewhat altered style, reappeared in the rare edition of 1829. As even the revised copy of this poem is almost unknown to general readers, the original version of it is given here.

Details of the slight plot of this poem are almost needless. Tamerlane, lord of half the known world, is on his death-bed. Before his troubled spirit can pass away he longs to disburden his mind of its weight of woe, and, accordingly, sends for a friar, and confesses to him the story of his life. Now, when the world is at his feet, he forgets all his projects of empire and visions of glory, and has but for

Memory's eye
One object—and but one—

the ideal of his bygone boyhood :

'Tis not to thee that I should name—
Thou canst not, wouldst not dare to think
The magic empire of a flame
Which ev'n upon this perilous brink
Hath fixed my soul, though unforgiven
By what it lost for passion—Heaven!
I loved.

I loved her as an angel might
With ray of the all-living light
Which blazes upon Edis' shrine.
It is not surely sin to name,
With such a mine—that mystic flame.
I had no being but in thee!
The world with all its train of bright
And happy beauty, (for to me
All was undelimited delight.)
The world—its joys—its share of pain,
Which I felt not, its bodied forms
Of varied being, which contain
The bodiless spirits of the storms,
The sunshine and the calm—the ideal
And fleeting vanities of dreams.
Fearfully beautiful! The real
Nothings of mid-day waking life—
Of an enchanted life, which seems,
Now as I look back, the strife
Of some ill demon, with a power
Which left me in an evil hour,
All that I felt, or saw, or thought,
Crowding, confused became
(With thine unearthly beauty fraught)
Thou—and the nothing of a name
The passionate spirit which hath known,
And deeply felt the silent tone
Of its own self-supremacy—
(I speak thus openly to thee,
'Twere folly now to veil a thought
With which this sobbing breast is fraught)
The soul which feels its inmate right—
The mystic empire and high power
Given by the energetic might
Of Genius at its natal hour;
Which knows (believe me at this time,
When falsehood were a tenfold crime,
There is a power in the high spirit
To know the fate it will inherit.)
The soul, which knows such power, will still
Find Pride the ruler of its will.
Yes! I was proud—and ye who know
The magic of that meaning word,
So oft perverted, will bestow
Your scorn, perhaps, when ye have heard
That the proud spirit had been broken,
The proud heart burst in agony
At one upbraiding word or token
Of her, that heart's idolatry.
I was ambitious

In her eyes
I read, (perhaps too carelessly,)
A mingled feeling with my own;
The flush on her bright cheek, to me,
Seemed to become a queenly throne.
Then—in that hour—a thought came o'er
My mind it had not known before:
To leave her while we both were young—
To follow my high fate among
The strife of nations, and redeem
Thy idle words which, as a dream,
Now sounded to her heedless ear—
I held no doubt—I knew no fear
Of peril in my wild career;
To gain an empire and throw down—
As nuptial dowry—a queen's crown.
The only feeling which possesseth
With her own image my fond breast—
Who, that had known the secret thought
Of a young peasant's bosom then,
Had deemed him, in companionship, ought
But one whom planetary had led
Astray from reason. Among man
Ambition is chained down—not led,
(As in the desert, where the grand,
The wild, the beautiful conspire

With their own breath to fan its fire,
With thoughts such feeling can command;
Unchecked by sarcasm and scorn
Of those, who hardly will conceive
That any should become "great," born
In their own sphere—will not believe
That they shall stoop in life to one
Whom daily they are wont to see
Familiarly—whom Fortune's sun
Hath ne'er shone dazlingly upon,
Lowly—and of their own degree.

The idea which Poe here enunciates in verse, of those

who hardly will conceive
That any should become "great," born
In their own sphere.

he explains still further in a very characteristic note; it is too idiosyncratic of its author to be ignored. He remarked that "it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to make the generality of mankind believe that one with whom they are upon terms of intimacy shall be called in the world a "great man." The reason is evident. There are few great men. Their actions are constantly viewed by the mass of people through the medium of distance. The prominent parts of their character are alone noted, and those properties which are minute and common to every one, not being observed, seem to have no connection with a great character. Whoever read the private memorials, correspondence, &c., which have become so common in our time," demands the astute lad, "without wondering that 'great men' should act and think 'so abominably?'" Returning to "Tamerlane," the suppressed edition continues :

I pictured to my fancy's eye
Her silent, deep astonishment,
When, a few fleeting years gone by
(For the time my high hope lent
To its most desperate intent.)
She might recall in him whom fame
Had gilded with a conqueror's name
(With glory—such as might inspire,
Perforce, a passing thought of one
Whom she had deemed in his own fire
Withered and blasted; who had gone
A traitor, violator of the truth
So plighted in his early youth.)
Her own Alexis, who should plight
The love he plighted them—again,
And raise his infancy's delight
The bride and queen of Tamerlane.

One noon of a bright summer's day
I passed from out the matted bower
Where in a deep still slumber lay
My Ada. In that peaceful hour,
A silent gaze was my farewell,
I had no other solace—then
'T' awake her, and a falsehood tell
Of a feigned journey, were again
To trust the weakness of my heart
To her soft thrilling voice to part
Thus, haply, while in sleep she dreamed
Of long delight, nor yet had deemed,
Awake, that I had held a thought
Of parting, were with madness fraught;
I knew not woman's heart, alas!
Though loved and loving—let it pass * * *

I went from out the matted bower
And hurried madly on my way,
And felt with every flying hour
That home me from my home more gay;
There is of earth an agony
Which, ideal, still may be
The worst ill of mortality.
'Tis bliss, in its own reality,
Too real, to its breast, who lives
Not within himself, but gives
A portion of his willing soul
To God, and to the great whole—
To him, whose loving spirit will dwell
With Nature, in her wild paths; tell
Of her wondrous ways and telling, bless
Her overpowering loveliness!
A more than agony to him
Whose falling sight will grow dim
With its own living gaze upon
That loveliness around; the sun—
The blue sky—the misty night
Of the pale cloud therein, whose hue
Is grace to its heavenly bed of blue;
Dim! though looking on all bright!
O God! when thoughts that may not pass
Will burst upon him, and, alas!
For the flight on earth to fancy given
There are no words—unless of Heaven.

I dwelt not long in Samarcand
Ere, in a peasant's lowly guise,
I sought my long abandoned land:
In sunset did its mountains rise
In dusky grandeur to my eyes.
I reached my home—my home no more—
For all was flown that made it so—
I passed from out its mossy door
In vacant idleness of woe.

The "Fugitive Pieces" which follow "Tamerlane" call for little comment. They are all more or less strongly tinged with the same cast of thought which from first to last distinguished their author. The verses entitled "Evening Star," and the lines beginning, "The happiest day," are perhaps too indicative of the influence of the boy's contemporaries, and too crude to be of any remarkable value; but the attention of Poe's admirers may be confidently claimed for the other four, as not only illustrative of his mental history, but as poems of real worth. These are they :—

DREAMS.

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awakening till the beam
Of an eternity should bring the morrow.
Yes! though that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'Twere better than the cold reality
Of waking life to him whose heart must be
And hath been still upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion from his birth.
But should it be—that dream eternally
Continuing—as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood—should it thus be given,
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.
For I have revelled, when the sun was bright
In the summer sky, in dreams of living light
And loveliness—have left my very heart
In climes of mine imagining apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?
'Twas once—and only once—and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass—some power
Or spell had bound me—'twas the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind

Its image on my spirit; or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too cold, or the stars; however it was,
That dream was as that night wind—let it pass.
I have been happy, though in a dream.
I have been happy, and I loved the theme:
Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life,
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality, which brings
To the delicious eye more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest days hath known.

Its image on my spirit; or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too cold, or the stars; however it was,
That dream was as that night wind—let it pass.
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To the delicious eye more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest days hath known.

VISIT OF THE DEAD.

Thy soul shall find itself alone—
Alone of all on earth—unknown
The cause; but none are near to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy.
Be silent in that solitude,
Which is not loneliness—for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee, and their will
Shall then o'ershadow thee—be still;
For the night, though clear, shall frown,
And the stars shall not look down
From their thrones in the dark heaven
With light like hope to mortals given;
But their red orbs without beam
To thy withering heart shall seem
As a burning, and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.
But 'twill leave thee, as each star
In the morning light afar
Will fly thee—and vanish:
But its thought thou canst not banish,
The breath of God will bestill;
And the mist upon the bill
By that summer breeze unbroken
Shall charm thee—as a token
And a symbol which shall be
Secrecy in thee.

EVENING STAR.

'Twas noontide of summer
And midtime of night;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale through the light
Of the brighter pale moon.
'Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves.
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile;
Too cold—too cold for me—
There passed, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turned away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be;
For joy to my heart
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire,
Than that colder, lowly light.

IMITATION.

A dark unfathomed tide
Of interminable pride—
A mystery and a dream
Should my early life seem;
I say that dream was fraught
With a wild and waking thought
Of beings that have been
Which my spirit hath not seen,
Had I let them pass me by,
With a dreaming eye!
Let none of earth inherit
That vision on my spirit;
Those thoughts I would control,
As a spell upon his soul;
For that bright hope at last
And that light time have past,
And my worldly rest hath gone
With a sigh as it pushed on:
I care not though it perish
With a thought I then did cherish.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods—her wiles—her mountains—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence!

In youth I have known and with whom the earth
In secret communing held—as he with it,
In daylight, and in beauty, from his birth;
Whose fervid flickering torch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light such for his spirit was fit;
And yet that spirit knew—not in the hour
Of its own fervor—what had o'er it power.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore
Hath ever told—or is it of a thought
The unembodied essence, and no more,
That with quickening spell doth o'er us pass
As dew of the night time o'er the summer grass.

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye
To the loved object—so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?
And yet it need not be—(that object) hid
From us in life—but common—which doth lie
Each hour before us—but then only bid
With a strange sound, as a harp-string broken
'T' awake us—'tis a symbol and a token.

Of what in other worlds shall be—and given
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven
Though not with Faith—with goodness—whose throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down:
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

The happiest day—the happiest hour
My sacred and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.
Of power! said I! yes! such I ween;
But they have vanished long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been—
But let them pass.
And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ev'n inherit
The venom thou hast poured on me—
Be still, my spirit.
The happiest day—the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see—have even seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel—have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered, with the pain
Ev'n then I felt—that brightest hour
I would not live again:
For on its wing was dark alloy,
And as it fluttered fell
An essence powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

HYGIENIC.

Of disinfectants sufficiently inexpensive for general use—cheapness being an important desideratum—next to carbolic and creasylic acids are placed zinc salts and after them mangausee and iron salts.

It has been recently found that the addition of a small quantity of borax or boric acid to milk preserves it fresh for a considerable time. The requisite proportion, however, has not yet been ascertained; but although boric acid acts as a poison, it is harmless in small quantities, and alters the taste of the milk but slightly.

SALICIN is not the only remedy which is now being used in cases of acute rheumatism. Another is being adopted. Unfortunately, it bears the formidable name of "trimethylamine." True, it has an *alkal*, but "propylamine" is not much better. This drug is derived from herring brine, and the accounts given of its effect upon the disease in question are very remarkable.

ATTENTION has been called in the daily papers to a practice prevalent in some parts of the country, which appears to illustrate the power possessed by milk of absorbing atmospheric impurities. It is that of placing a saucer of new milk in a larder, to preserve meat or game from taint. It is said that not only does it answer that purpose, but that the milk after a few hours become so bad that no animal will touch it.

ACCORDING to an analysis, water-cress contains: 1. A sulpho-nitrogenous essential oil; 2. A bitter extract; 3. Iodine; 4. Iron; 5. Phosphates, water, and some other salts. As medicine the water cress has been vaunted for its efficacy in all cases in which the digestive organs are weak, in cachexia, in scurvy, in scrofula and lymphatism; it has even been prescribed as a cure for phthisis. The medicinal principles which it contains are more or less abundant according to the culture or maturity of the plant.

BREAD contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92 in 100; common beans, 89 in 100; peas, 93 in 100; lentils, 94 in 100; cabbages and turnips, the most aqueous of all the vegetables compared produce only 8 lb. of solid matter in 100 lb.; carrots and spinach produce 14 lb. in the same quantity; whilst 100 lb. of potatoes contain 25 lb. of dry substance. From a general estimate it results that 1 lb. of good bread is to 2½ lb. or 3 lb. of potatoes; that 75 lb. of bread and 30 lb. of meat may be substituted for 300 lb. of potatoes. The other substances bear the following proportions:—4 parts of cabbage to 1 of potatoes; 3 parts of turnips to 1 of potatoes; 2 parts of carrots and spinach to 1 of potatoes; and about 3½ parts of potatoes to 1 of rice, lentils, beans, French beans, and dry peas.

SCIENTIFIC.

To clean papier-mâché, wash it with a little milk, sprinkle flour over it, and polish with leather.

M. LOSECKE has recently made some interesting experiments in order to ascertain the amount of ozone present in the atmosphere at different periods of the year. The greatest amount was observed in February, and the least in November, the quantity present during the months from April to October remaining nearly constant. In a court-yard the indications were usually lower than in a garden, yet the quantity present in a room remained the same, whether the windows were open or shut. No connection was traceable between wind or moisture and the ozone indications, and thunderstorms appeared to produce no visible alteration.

SEVERAL foreign naval powers are directing their attention to the practicability of establishing telegraph stations in mid-ocean, by which messages can be sent from any part of the sea along the line of the cable to the terminal points on shore, and vice versa, so that communication with ironclads, mail-steamer, and other vessels, when out at sea, may be established. One invention for carrying out this scheme consists of a hollow sectional column with a base plate attached by ball and socket joint, which column is lowered into the water, and anchored rigidly to the ground. The branch cable is coupled to the main cable, and carried along the column to the surface of the water, to be there connected with instruments on board the vessels. By this invention it is proposed to control naval and strategical movements, whilst a ship in distress could communicate her exact position, the nature of her disasters, and thus procure assistance.

At the Science Conference at South Kensington recently, the most interesting communication was by Mr. Barnaby on naval construction. He stated that the newest form of ironclad, represented by three ships building, gave ships over 8,000 tons burden, with length four and a half times the beam, a light draught and fine lines, with double propellers and steering apparatus protected by shield, and with double bottom similar to the *Invincible* but with lighter armour and 31-ton guns; but he himself had no doubt that fighting ships of the future would be of the class of the *Nelson* and *Northampton* building in Scotland, with central armour protecting all vital parts, and a strong shield fore and aft screen without any exposure of the crew. These ships will cost £350,000. Iron passenger steamers are, he said, getting constantly worse in the matter of separate water-tight compartments, and scarcely ever steam power is found that could pump water from a leak of half a square foot 10 feet under water.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

SALMON fishing at Gaspé promises well. The mackerel fishery at the Magdalen Islands is reported a failure.

It is said that silver in paying quantities has been found near Buckingham.

FROM the Magdalen Islands and other points the fishing prospects are reported fair.

THE Canadian flag has been hoisted at the Canadian log-house, Philadelphia, amidst much rejoicing. The mast is the highest on the grounds. It is ninety feet long, and came from the forests of New Brunswick.

SUPPLIES of fresh salmon are coming over the Intercolonial Railway, competing successfully with the steamship lines. The price has gone down to ten cents per pound, wholesale.

REPORTS from the lumber regions state that the drive of logs has been very successful this spring. Lumbermen confidently hope for an improvement in the square timber trade this season.

PREPARATIONS are already going on for the rebuilding of the principal business places destroyed by the recent fire in St. Johns, Que. As soon as the insurance claims have been paid up, the work will proceed with energy.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

HOMER.

Time, with clammy touch, has half-erased
The memory, but he cannot dim the fame
Of one who best of all has paraphrased
The tale of waters with a tale of flame,
Yet left us but his names and his name.

Upon his life, the sun of history
Shines not, but Legend, like a moon in mist,
Sheds over it a weird uncertainty.
In which the figures wave and actions twist,
So that all minds may read them as they list.

We know not if he trod some Theban street,
And sought compassion on his aged woe,
We know not if on Chian sand his foot
Left imprints once, but this we truly know,
The ways of fame those footprints plainly show.

Along the border of the restless sea,
That lonely thinker must have loved to roam,
For round his soul he wrapt its majesty,
And learned to speak in words that drip with foam,
As though himself a deep, and depths his home.

How sternly sang he of Achilles' might,
How sweetly of the sweet Antromache,
How low his lyre when Ajax prays for light:
(Well might he bend that lyre in sympathy,
For also great, and also blind was he.)

We almost see the nod of stern-browed Jove,
And feel Olympus shake; we almost hear
The melodies that Greek youths interweave
In paeon to Apollo, and the clear,
Full voice of Nestor, tingling far and near.

Yet under all and through and over all,
There runs the cadence of a changeful sea,
Now pleasantly the graceful surges fall,
And now they mutter in an angry key,
But ever, through their changes, grand and free.

The dignity of sadness filled his heart,
That sadness, born of immortality,
Which they alone who live alone in art
Feel in its sweetness and its mystery,
Half-filled already with infinity.

And Zeus was wise when he decreed him blind,
And wiser still when he decreed him poor,
For insight grew as outer sight declined,
And woe of error the ill it could not cure,
Else ministry had lacked a lay so pure.

We know no more of him whose words of fire,
At first neglected, have, with each new age,
Lit each new nation's heart and taught the lyre
Allegro grandeur, and the vivid page
A depth of vigor that few since may gauge.

W. D. L.

THE WORD "AMATEUR."

I.

Relative to the use by English writers of the French words *Amateur* and *Connoisseur*, I must confess that I have no special love of the custom of interlarding our good old English prose with French phrases which are not natural to English mouths. The robust and masculine prose writers of England in the seventeenth century were not guilty of using French words to supply their meaning, the introduction of them would have marred the beauty and unity of their style. As Chamber, in his prose tract entitled *The Testament of Love*, says, so say I:—"Let us shew our fantasies in such words as we learned of our dames tongue,"—that is, what we now call our mother tongue, the tongue we learn from our mothers. Let every Englishman be proud of that vernacular tongue found in the authorized version of the Bible, and Shakspeare. Let us at all times find plain words to talk plain sense in, for the plainest words by which we can express our meaning are the best—a confusion of tongues often breeds a confusion of thoughts.

Amateur, *d'amateur*, anglicized *amateur*, amateur, from *amo*, a word familiar to those who remember the boyish doggerel which was at one time common in every nursery

Amo! amas! I lov'd a lass,
She was tall and slender,
Covets grace th' nominative case,
She's th' feminine gender.

Dr. Johnson has not in his large Dictionary the word *Amateur*; he was not very partial to French words; and, doubtless, would have stared had he, when dining at one of the Chop Houses or Coffee Rooms of old Fleet Street, heard a hunch of mutton, and a sirloin of beef called *pieces de resistance*; or, when taking a fish dinner at Billingsgate to have been asked: "which fish would you prefer, *Savonou a la Tartare* or *Les branches de Saumon a la Genevoise*, or *couquets a la Cardinal* or *frigate de moure*?" But, the old Doctor has a word from the Latin, *Amatorelist*, not common to ordinary dictionaries, which, for the benefit of your lady readers, who may be, like Mabel Renfrew in *Pique*, bored by insipid young men, I give its definition:—"a little insignificant lover, a pretender to affection."

Dr. Richardson, (1844) the author, perhaps, of the best dictionary of the English language extant, a scholar who has spared no pains to establish a title to have his name enrolled among those who have advanced the literature of England, has not the word *Amateur*. Dr. Ogilvie gives it a place and thus defines it:—"A lover of any art or science, not a professor." Now a professor is one that publicly practises or teaches an art; though Swift says of Professors in most sciences,—"they are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribes." Does Dr. Ogilvie in his definition mean to infer that the *Amateur* has a real ardent love for art, science and literature, while the Professors only profess a love for them, or make a profession or trade of them, selling and patenting their brains whether composed of Geology or Divinity or Theology to the Publishers?

Craig in his Dictionary (1849) defines *Amateur* as a *Virtuoso*, an *admirer*, a lover of any particular pursuit. He gives us an Italian word to explain a French one, and then we have to find what *virtuoso* means! After the search, we learn

virtuosi are men "skilled in the fine arts, particularly in music, antiquities, curiosities and the like;" or men "who love the noble arts and are critics in them;" or men "studious of painting, statuary or architecture;" or any that "are skilled or learned in any polite art." This is puzzling, because we have no *virtuosi* in the noble art of self defense, horse racing and billiards. The word *Amateur* goes beyond the arts and sciences, the *amateur* may be a lover of cricket, yachting and rowing; and, doubtless, the professional cricketer, one of the All England Eleven, the sailing master of H. M. Yacht Alberta, and the champion of the Thames are ardent lovers of cricket, yachting, and boating; yet they are neither *Amateurs* nor *Virtuosi*.

The Cricketer, the Yachtsman, and the Rowing who do not earn their living by batting, sailing, and rowing are styled *amateurs* not *professionals*, because they only cultivate their taste for such sports without pursuing them professionally. Now if the word *professional* is a good comprehensive word to denote a man's trade or calling, then by the prefix *am*, which makes professional to mean not belonging to a profession, there seems to be no necessity for the word *Amateur*.

The ingenious and celebrated Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, *Esq.*, authors of the *Complete Angler* or *Contemplative Man's Recreation*, are they to be dubbed *Amateurs*, because they were not professional fishermen, like the hardy, ill-used sea toilers at Gaspé and Percé? Again, is an expert angler a lover of angling as an art, to be considered an *amateur*? According to Walton "angling is an Art, and an Art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man, and he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing mind but a large measure of Hope and Patience and a love and propensity to the thing itself." The word *Amateur* cannot well be applied to a *professed* angler, though he does not fish for his living, or make the art his professional calling. *Amateur*—an *amateur*, coming as the word does from *Amo*; an amateur would naturally be an admirer of some fair Rosaline, like her who went to the ancient Feast of the Capulets

"With all the admired beauties of Verona,"

and of whom Romeo says:—

— the all seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began"

Were Herrick, Carew, Surrey and Raleigh *amateurs* because they have made sonnets and "woful ballads to their mistress' eye brow," such as:—"Her eyes the glow worm lend thee"—"He that loves a Rosy cheek"—"Give place, ye lovers, here before"—"Wrong not sweet mistress of my heart."

True Love is not in one sense a profession, though it is often a declaration crowned with oaths and protests. Rosalind tells Orlando, "I profess curing it (i. e. the madness of love) by counsel." Was Rosalind an *Amateur Doctor* because she undertook "to wash Orlando's liver as clean as a sound sheep's liver that there should not be one spot of love in't?"

A naturalist, like Charles Kingsley, who has given us such glorious thoughts in a *Gravel Pit*, and made the very pebbles preachers, revealing the will of God, who in His appointment, caused some of these pebbles to be living sponges in the milky depths of the great chalk ocean, ages and eons before there was a man to till the ground; is he to be called an *amateur* because he did not hold a professional chair of natural history in a college like McGill? Is my Lord Derby to be called an *Amateur* for his translation of the *Iliads* of Homer because he was never made *Professor* of Greek at the University of Oxford? Is the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone an *amateur* in virtue of his controversies with Cardinal Manning on the decrees of the Vatican because he is not a *professor* of theology or divinity at the University of Cambridge? Can we call one or the other of the three a *Virtuoso*?

Could we with propriety write:—"Charles Kingsley, the late Lord Derby and the Hon. Mr. Gladstone, though *Amateurs*, have respectively acquired distinction; the first, in his charming miscellanies on Natural History, and his "Water-Babies;" the second, in his masterly translation into English of the *Iliads* of Homer; the third, in his celebrated "Vatican Decrees."

Again, there are and have been many profound thinkers, full of learned research, unprofessional scholars, ungraduated "scientists," many self taught men who cannot be called *amateurs*, in the ordinary sense of the word, who have gained everlasting reputations in literature, the Arts and Sciences, for exceeding the fame of some professional men, or professors, though they may have a string of cabalistic letters after their names, as long as a comet's tail in proportion to it's head, such as:—A. B. C. D. F. G. H. I. L. M. N. P. R. S. variously transposed into B. A.; B. C. L.; D. C. L.; M. A.; L. L. D.; Ph. D.; B. A. S.; F. A. S.; F. G. S.; F. N. S.; F. R. S. et cetera.

II.

The word *Profession* was applied by Shakspeare to a man's calling, or trade, or occupation.

Christopher Sly in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew" says:—"I am by birth a pedlar, by profession a tinker."

Adam digged, therefore, as the gravedigger in *Hamlet* says:—"Gardeners, Ditchers and Grave-makers, they uphold Adam's profession."

Flavius and Marullus in *Julius Caesar* think that the Roman mechanicals ought not to be

seen in the streets of Rome upon a labouring day without the sign of their professions.

The porter in *Macbeth* (act ii. scene 3) says:—"Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty"—an English tailor &c.—I had thought to let in some of all professions."

Autolycus, in *The Winters Tale* says:—"I know the man well: he hath been an ape bearer; then a process server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife, and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in *vogues*."

Timon, in his conference with the Banditti, says to one of them:—

"Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rise! these thieves,
Here's gold."

After the conference, one of the Banditti says of him:—"He has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it." Another says: "I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade."

Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII. alludes to Wolsey's high profession spiritual; and in another place says to the Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius:

"Woe upon ye
And all such false professors!"

Helena's father, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, was "famous in his profession as a physician, and a rare one, for his skill almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work."

We don't speak of *Amateur* tinkers, grave-makers, sailors, process servers, bailiffs, knaves, thieves and rogues, in contrast to those who make such professions their employment, occupation or regular and habitual course of practice. We may say:—Mr. Q. though not a professional thief, nor an incorrigible rogue, has shown an aptitude for stealing and purloining that it is possible he may, at no distant day, be convicted of felony without the benefit of clergy.

The stage is a profession, an actor or actress, an operative singer or songstress who follow his or her calling for subsistence is styled a professional; an artist or painter who was acquired the art of imitating all objects in nature and who paints for money or reward is a professional artist. Jockeys who ride in public horse races, such as the Derby, Newmarket and Ascot and are paid for so doing are called *professionals*. But I see no reason why the word *Amateur* should be applied to the actor, singer, painter, or jockey, because he follows his tastes without fee or money reward—his acting the part of Richmond, or his singing the "Kyrie Eleison" or the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," or playing those songs without words, which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven; or his painting ing Alloway Kirk—the scene of Burns' Tam O'Shanter; or his winning the Hunt Cup at Blue Bonnets does not make him an *Amateur*.

III.

In criticizing a play or an opera, and the actresses therein, or the work of an artist, we certainly can find an English equivalent for *Amateur*—for instance:—

Mr. A., though not an actor by profession, played the part of Coriolanus with great freshness and vigour; all the points in this noble character he made in a style that reminded us of Macready.—Miss B. an ardent student of Shakspeare, and who has not made the stage her profession, acted the part of Lady Macbeth with power, she exhibited tragic powers of the highest order and a command over the sympathies and passions of her audience.—Miss C. though not a professional artist has an exquisite voice, full of pathos and sweetness.—Madame D. an unprofessional songstress, sang an air from *L'Éclair d'Amore*; her voice is a pure soprano, not remarkable for volume, but very sweet and flexible, and of extraordinary compass in its upper extremity.—Mr. E., a member of the Montreal Sketching Club, at its last meeting contributed a few water colour drawings, chief among which was a group of flowers, arranged with great taste, and though less brilliant and forcible than some we have seen by professional artists, it was well finished and delicately coloured; as a work of art by an unprofessional artist it deserves great praise

Mrs. F. sent a number of Sepia and Indian Ink drawings, one of which was the old Bonsecours Church from the River, a very poetical study; though there is nothing exquisite about the church as a piece of architecture, yet it has a very picturesque effect; and, in the hands of such eminent artist as the late D. Roberts or Clarkson Stanfield, with their knowledge of perspective, conduct of aerial tint, and peculiarly brilliant effects of light, the scene would be invested with vitality; nevertheless, Mrs. F., who is not an artist by profession, has given to her subject the true sentiment. The outlines of the church and surrounding houses are drawn with delicacy and fidelity by the pen, and though she does not "gain precarious bread by bright effects," she has disciplined herself so as to be able to draw with unerring precision and absolute faithfulness the old Bonsecours Church. Would that her studies had been more completed during the time the old Recollet Church was standing, she would, probably, have left by pen and pencil a remembrance of that happy state of feeling which formerly existed between the old Sulpician Fathers and the Presbyterian Elders, and would have perpetuated the memory of those iconoclasts, who razed the House of God to erect a Temple for Mammon. These iconoclasts were not *amateurs* of the Catholic Church, though

they may have considered themselves *professionals* of the "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

Miss G., a pupil of the School of Art and Design, founded by the Art Association of Montreal, and a constant contributor to the Sketching Club, sent a carefully executed drawing of the old St. George's Church in St. Joseph street; the west front and tower of the sacred edifice, when standing, was not of a magnificent order, carved and fretted in the richest manner and with a slight and elegant spire similar to the Cathedral of Strasbourg, thrust like a spear into the clouds, yet it had many hallowed associations to Englishmen, members of St. George's Society; it, alas, has been sacrificed to fashion and ambition, thereby robbing the poor of the neighbourhood of the privilege of Morning and Evening Prayer according to the use of the Church of England. The main walls of the old building are left standing, and now, instead of resounding with rich anthems and the hosannas of zealous worshippers, they are filled with the reverberations of "busy hammers closing rivets up." The rich bass, the liquid soprano, the alto and tenor of the choir in their deep pathos and sweetness,

In notes with many a winding boat
Of linked sweetness long drawn out"

are supplanted by the coarse and, perhaps, unchaste voice of the mechanic, and the whirring buzz of machinery. Could the word *Amateur*, as applied to lovers of ecclesiastical architecture, be used in reference to the sacrilegists and defacers of God's House?

Let me conclude as I have already, Mr. Editor, trespassed too much upon your space, and, probably upon the patience of your readers. In accepting your challenge I may not have succeeded in becoming "a benefactor to my race," but I think I have written enough to show my dislike to the word *amateur*, and to show that the use of it may be avoided when applied to actors and artists, and their "performances." The word *connoisseur* I will leave to a futurity which shall not be long distant, trusting that my "*Amateur philology*" will not be too severely criticized by the learned professors who have lectured on the subject to the "Ladies Mutual Benefit and Higher Education Society," nor by

those of learn'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gant, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.

THOS. D. KING.

PERSONAL.

JOHN WATKINS, the oldest surviving merchant of Kingston, died on the 12th inst. aged 87 years.

REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, of Toronto, has been presented with a purse of \$200 on his departure to Europe for three months.

MAJOR GENERAL SMYTH, accompanied by Captain Smyth, A. D. C., will sail for England on leave of absence, about the 21st of July.

THE speech of His Excellency at Quebec, is highly eulogized. It is considered one of the finest deliveries of the Governor General since arriving in the Dominion.

JULES SIMON was received last week as a member of the French Academy. In the course of his speech, he pronounced an enthusiastic eulogy on ex-President Thiers.

VON ARNIM is to be allowed to go to Carlsbad unmolested, and from thence to send a physician's certificate of his inability to undergo the term of imprisonment imposed upon him.

THE rumors that Bishop Bourget has resigned are unfounded. The Bishop, owing to old age and ill-health, has several times tendered his resignation, but the Pope has declined to accept it.

THE Admiralty have refused to give Lieutenant Cameron his promotion, on the ground that the Civil Companionship of the Bath with which he has been honoured by the Queen must be taken as standing in lieu of promotion.

THE Princess Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, Archduchess of Austria, and widow of the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, has just devoted herself to a religious life, and has entered a convent of Franciscan nuns at Paris.

ROUND THE WORLD.

BISMARCK is laid up at Kissenegen with chronic inflammation.

THE Spanish constitution has been finally adopted in the Senate by a vote of 127 to 11.

A resolution for the abolition of capital punishment in France, has been thrown out by the Assembly.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has ordered the prosecutions of Communists to be discontinued, except in certain serious cases.

AMERICANS in Mexico are meeting with exceedingly rough treatment at the hands of the revolutionary party.

THE British arctic exploring steamer Pandora was spoken on the 12th instant, steering northwards, under canvas.

ORDERS for the mobilization of the Servian militia have been issued, and the army is expected to take its position on the frontier by the end of next week.

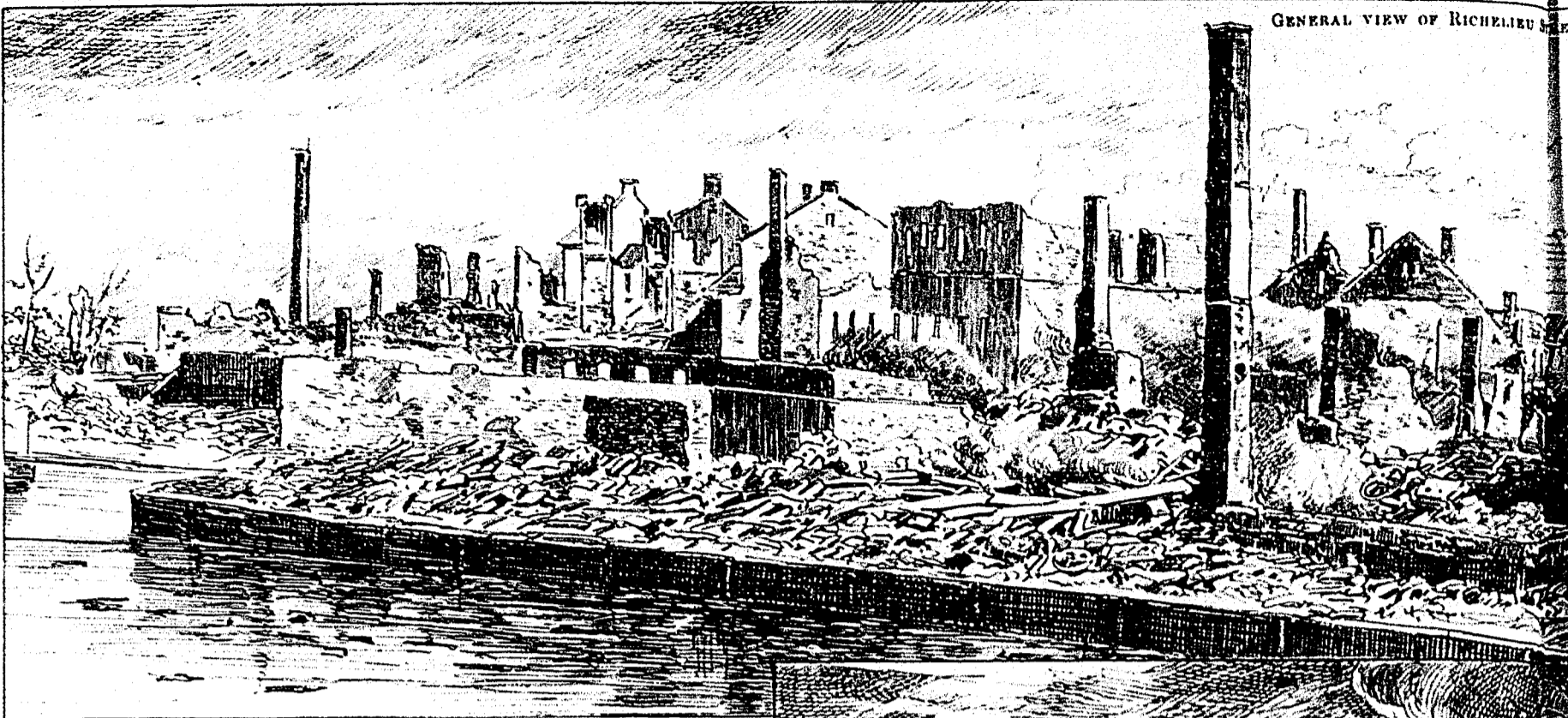
AN international exhibition of horticulture is to be held at Amsterdam next year, and official invitation to Canada to participate has been received at Ottawa.

Prince Gortschakoff has promised to favor the Powers with a revised and improved edition of the certain memorandum, should the Porte succeed in quieting the insurgent Provinces.

THE King of Dahomey again refuses to pay the fine imposed on him by Commodore Hewitt for maltreating an English subject, now that the British man-of-war is withdrawn.

HOSTILE demonstrations against the Liberal students in the University of Louvain, in Belgium, have caused much excitement, necessitating the calling out of the civic guard to preserve order.

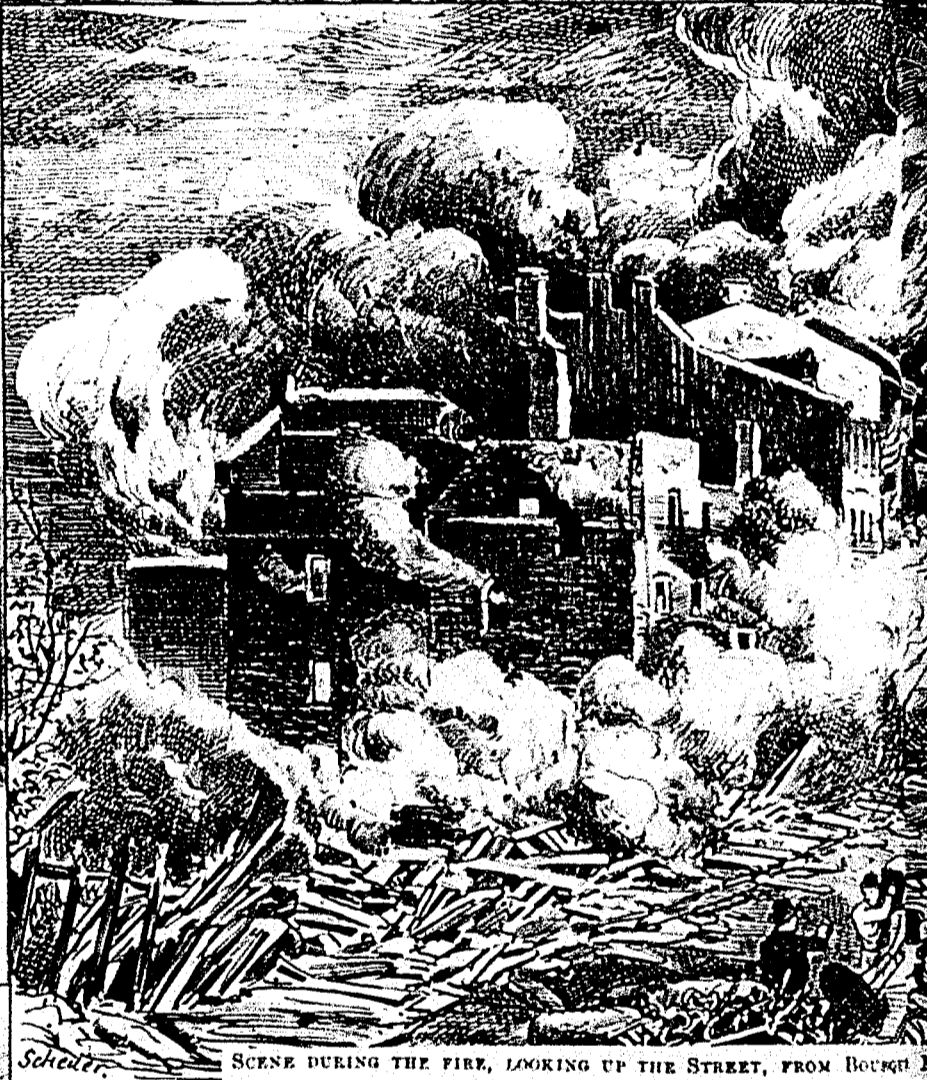
DR. DICKSON, physician to the British Embassy at Constantinople, describes the disease prevailing in Mesopotamia to be real plague, and says its ravages will probably cease entirely during the great heat of the summer.



GENERAL VIEW OF RICHELIEU



FORCING OPEN THE SAFES.



SCENE DURING THE FIRE, LOOKING UP THE STREET, FROM BOULEVARD



RUINS OF THE "BANQUE DE ST. JEAN."



RICHELIEU STREET

ET, FROM THE CANAL, AFTER THE FIRE.



LOOKING EAST.



RUINS OF THE MERCHANTS' BANK.

ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS :

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

ZULMA AND BATOCHÉ.

The old soldier made his appearance at once. He held his cap in his hand, his head was bowed, and he appeared slightly disconcerted.

"You have returned, Batoché," said Zulma cheerily, rising and advancing towards him.

"I have returned, mademoiselle."

"You are not offended with me then?"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Batoché, I am delighted to see you."

The old man looked up, and satisfied that the welcome was sincere, said:

"I had walked nearly two miles, thinking of all you had told me, and forgetting everything else. Suddenly I remembered something. I stopped. I reflected. I returned at once and here I am."

Zulma burst out laughing:

"What did you remember, Batoché?"

"That perhaps you might desire to send an answer to the note which I brought. Excuse me, mademoiselle, I was young once. I know what girls are."

And his little grey eyes twinkled.

Zulma laid her hand upon his shoulder, and with a half-serious, half-jesting caress, replied:

"They call you sereerer, Batoché. How could you thus divine my thoughts? Listen. It is an hour since you left me. During that time I have been occupied reading the note and reflecting upon it. I ended by deciding on answering it at once. But where was my messenger? I thought of you, and was expressing regret at your departure, when you were announced."

Batoché's face beamed with pleasure. Not only was he satisfied with the result of his sagacity, but it afforded him the keenest joy to be able to render a service to Zulma after the semblance of altercation which had taken place between them. In the strife of generosity the old soldier was not to be outdone, and he was rather flattered to believe that, if any thing, the balance was to be in his favor. He gave expression to none of these thoughts, however. He contented himself with observing that, as the afternoon was advancing, and he must reach Quebec by nightfall, it was desirable that Zulma should make as little delay as possible.

"Certainly, Batoché," she replied. "If you will sit down a moment, I will write a few lines."

He did as he was desired. Zulma went to her writing table, spread out her paper and with great deliberation proceeded to her task. She wrote with a firm, running hand, and as from an overflowing mind, without stopping to gather her thoughts. No emotion was perceptible on her features—no distension of the eye, no flush of the cheek. She looked like a copying clerk, inditing a mechanical business letter. This circumstance did not escape the observation of Batoché. His knowledge of human nature led him at once to the conclusion that such wonderful self-possession must be the key to other admirable qualities, which, joined to the spirit she had displayed in her defence of Captain Bouchette, convinced him that he was in the presence of one who, when occasion required, would be likely to play the part of a heroine. And what added to his silent enthusiasm was her matchless beauty as she sat opposite him, her shapely bust rising grandly above the little table and curving gracefully to its task, while the head, poised just a trifle to one side, revealed the fair white face upon which the light of the window fell slantingly. For such wild, solitary natures as that of Batoché the charms of female beauty are irresistible from their very novelty, and the old hunter's fascination was so great that he there and then resolved to cultivate Zulma's acquaintance thoroughly.

"Who can tell," he said to himself, "what role this splendid creature is destined to act in the drama that is opening out before us? I know she is a rebel at heart. That proud white neck will never submit to the yoke of English tyranny. She is born for freedom. There is no chain that could bind those beautiful limbs. I will have an eye over her. I will be her protector. Her friendship—is it only friendship?—with the young Bastonnais is another link that attaches me to her. I will follow her fortunes."

Zulma finished her letter with a flourish, folded it, addressed it, and, rising, handed it to Batoché.

"I did not keep you waiting, you see. Deliver this at your earliest opportunity and accept my thanks. Is there anything that I can do for you in return?"

Batoché drooped his eyes and hesitated.

"Do not fear to speak. We are perfect friends now."

"There is something I would like to ask, mademoiselle, but should never have dared if you had not suggested it."

"What is it, Batoché?"

"I have a granddaughter, little Blanche."

"Yes."

"She has been my inseparable companion from her infancy."

"Yes."

"Now that the war has broken out, she is much alone, and that troubles me."

"Where is she?"

"In our cabin at Montmorenci. Pauline Belmont desired to keep her in Quebec during the siege, but to this I would not consent, because I could not see her as often as I wished."

"Let me have the child, Batoché. I will replace her godmother as well as I can."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, mademoiselle, but that is not precisely what I meant. I could not part from her for good, neither would she leave me. All I ask is this. I may be absent from my hut for days at a time. You know what military service is."

"Military service?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am a soldier once more."

"You mean..."

"I am enrolled among the Bastonnais."

"Bravo," exclaimed Zulma. "Whenever you have to absent yourself from home fetch Blanche to me."

How little either Zulma or Batoché suspected what strange events would result from this incident.

VI.

THE BALL AT THE CASTLE.

On the evening of that same day, the 1st December, there was high festival within the walls of Quebec. A great ball was given at the Castle to celebrate the arrival of Governor Carleton. There was a twofold sentiment in the minds of all guests which enhanced the pleasure of the entertainment—gratification at the Governor's providential escape from all the perils of his voyage from Montreal to Quebec, and the assurance that his presence would procure a gallant and successful defence of the town against the besiegers. The attendance was both large and brilliant. Never had the old Chateau beheld a gayer scene. The French families vied with the English in doing honor to the occasion. Patriotism seemed to revive in the breasts of the most lukewarm, and many, whose standing had hitherto been dubious, came forward in the courtliest fashion to proclaim their loyalty to King George in the person of his representative.

But M. Belmont was not one of these. When he first heard of the preparations for the ball, he grew very serious.

"It is a snare," he said, "set to entrap us."

A day or two later, when he received a formal invitation, he was so truly distressed that he fell into a fever.

"Happy madely," he muttered, "I shall now have a valid excuse."

Pauline nursed him with her usual tenderness, but could not extract from him the cause of his illness. She had heard, of course, of the great event which was the talk of the whole town, but never suspected that her father had been invited, and it was, therefore, with no misgiving that she accepted, at his solicitation, Eugene's offer of a trip to the Sarpy mansion, the particulars of which have already been set before the reader. A few hours after her departure, Batoché suddenly made his appearance with the startling intelligence that the Bastonnais would return the next day to begin the regular siege of the town, and the anxious father commissioned him to set out and bring back his daughter at once. In the course of the same evening, Roderick Hardinge called and was very much concerned to learn the absence of Pauline, but was partially reassured when M. Belmont informed him of her expected speedy return. Roderick's visit was short, owing to some undefined constraint which he observed in the conversation of M. Belmont, and it was perhaps on that account also that he omitted stating the reason why he particularly desired to speak to Pauline. We have seen that he was waiting at the outer gate when she drove up in the early morning accompanied by Batoché and Cary Singleton.

As soon as they found themselves alone and safe within the town, Roderick said abruptly:

"I would not have had you absent to-day for all the world."

Pauline noticed his agitation and naturally attributed it to his fears for her personal safety, but she was soon undeceived when he added:

"You must by all means come with me to the ball this evening, my dear."

"To the ball?" she asked with no feigned surprise, because the events of the preceding day and night had completely driven the recollection of it from her mind.

"Yes, the Governor's ball."

It was in vain that she pleaded the suddenness of the invitation, her want of preparation, and the great fatigue which she had just undergone. Roderick would admit no excuse. His manner was nervous, excited, and at times almost peremptory.

"And my father?" she urged as a last argument.

"I saw your father last night. He complained of being unwell and evidently cannot come."

The slight emphasis which Roderick, in his rapid utterance, placed on the word "cannot" was not lost on his sensitive companion. She looked up at him with a timorous air.

"And what if my father will not let me go?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Oh, but he will. He must, Pauline."

Her eyes were raised to his again, and he met them frankly.

"Let me be plain with you, my dear. If you will not go to the ball for my sake, you must go for your father's sake. Do you understand?"

She *did* understand, though for a few moments she had no words to utter. After advancing a few steps, she took her hand out of her muff, laid it in that of Hardinge, and without raising her eyes, murmured:

"I will go, Roddy, for his sake and yours."

This preliminary being satisfactorily arranged, Hardinge accompanied her to the door of her home, and after advising her to spend the day in resting from her emotions and fatigue, promised to call for her early in the evening.

He did so. To his surprise he found her cheerful and without the least sign of weariness or reluctance in her manner. She was arrayed in a rich and most tasteful costume which gave a splendid relief to her quiet, simple beauty. To his further surprise he found M. Belmont in an agreeable mood, though still ailing. He was pleased to say that he quite approved of his daughter attending the ball, and especially in the company of Roderick Hardinge.

"This is another instalment of the reparation which I owe you, Roddy," he said, with a smile.

"I confide Pauline to you to-night, and I do not know that I could do the same for any other young fellow in Quebec."

Of course, no more was needed to put Hardinge in the most exuberant good spirits, and when he drove off with Pauline, he hardly knew what he was doing.

The ball was opened when they reached the Castle. The Governor who had led in the first dance, or dance of honor, took part in a third and fourth, mingling freely with all the guests, apparently disposed to secure as many friends for himself and his cause as possible. During this interval, Pauline and Roderick glided into the hall almost unnoticed, but it was not long before they were called upon to take their part in the dance, and at once they attracted general attention. Nor was there cause to wonder at this. The young Scotchman looked particularly handsome in his dazzling scarlet tunic, while Pauline, in her rich robes of crimson satin and sprigs of snowy jasmine twined in her simple headress, revealed a warm, ripe, glowing beauty, which was a surprise even to her most intimate friends.

After a time, the Governor took up his position on the dais at the extremity of the room, directly in front of the Chair of State and under the violet fringes of the canopy. The Royal Arms flashed triumphantly behind him, while on the panels of the walls, to the right and left, his own cipher was visible. Those of the guests who had not yet been presented to his Excellency, seized this opportunity to pay their respects. Roderick and Pauline were of the number. As they approached the foot of the throne, they were joined by de Cramahé, the Lieutenant-Governor. This courtly man bowed profoundly to both and said:

"Lieutenant, I have a duty to perform, and you will please allow me to perform it. I desire to present mademoiselle and yourself to his Excellency."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, he urged them forward to the Viceregal presence.

Carleton received Pauline with the most deferential politeness, and added to the compliment by a kindly inquiry concerning the health of her father. Pauline trembled like a leaf at this phase of the interview, and timidly looked up to assure herself that the Governor was really earnest in his question. But his open manner dispelled all doubt and thus, to the infinite relief of the girl, the sole drawback to her thorough enjoyment of the evening was removed.

Then her companion's turn came.

"Lieutenant Hardinge," said de Cramahé.

"Hardinge?" replied the Governor, extending his hand and bending his head to one side, as if trying to recollect something in connection with the name.

"Yes," rejoined de Cramahé. "Your Excellency will remember. He is the young officer whose exploits I recounted to you."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Carleton. "I do remember very well. Hardinge is a familiar name to me. This gentleman's father was a brother officer of mine under Wolfe. Yes, yes, I remember every thing."

And taking Roderick's right hand in both his, he added aloud, so that the promotion might be as public as possible:

"Captain Hardinge, I have the honor to congratulate you."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte has published a pamphlet entitled *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, containing four short papers of varied interest. Mr. Sulte is a prolific writer, who is always entertaining and has done much towards popularizing the historic and legendary lore in which the annals of the country are so fruitful. He does well to collect his writings in durable form before they are completely lost in the newspapers and magazines in which they originally appeared. He thus sets a good example which our literary men, of both languages, should imitate.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY still continues to publish a number of useful and instructive papers on a large variety of subjects. The editorial department is especially well done, being evidently in the hands of careful, thoughtful writers. The publishers complain that many of the papers copy their articles without credit. This reminds us of a recommendation we made once before that the editors might advantageously publish every month a fly-sheet of extracts which would be cited largely and thus prove advantageous to the magazine.

Belford Brothers, Toronto, have reprinted the Visitor's Guide to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, authorized by the Centennial Board of Finance and approved by the Director General. It is the only guide book sold on the Exhibition Grounds. The work is a handsome little volume, well printed, with a map of useful information neatly distributed and furnished with two maps—one of Philadelphia, and the other of the Exhibition Grounds. We recommend the Guide to all those visiting the Centennial Exhibition.

ST. NICHOLAS for July makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions,—stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of history, from the "Rattlesnake," and the "Palmetto" of 1776 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages: the "Boston Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" are remembered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page," the events of the century that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured.

Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes to the July ATLANTIC an amusing and spirited poem, "How the Old Horse won the Bet," which forms an excellent pendant to the famous "Old Horse Shay." The Centennial Exhibition is treated suggestively by an anonymous writer; and Mr. W. D. Howells, in "A Sonnet of the Centennial," presents a vivid picture of the variety of the affair. T. B. Aldrich adds to the number a very graceful poem, "The Night Wind," and H. H., Mrs. Piatt, Kate Putnam Osgood, and Celia Thaxter, stand with him in the lists of poets.

SCRIBNER for July though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much that will be of peculiar interest to the American public. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration are very conflicting, and Col. Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. "A Centennial Lady," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison is a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax, Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language.

In the GALAXY for July Prof. Siddons continues his series of anecdotes of eccentric and noted people he has met, and Mr. Richard Grant White has a linguistic study. Another article which will be appreciated by literary men and students is Mr. Hudson's sketch of the great Cyclopedias in the various languages of the world. There are the usual number of short stories and poems, of which last those by Mrs. Fanny Barrow and Mr. W. C. Richards are uncommonly good.

The weekly issue of ABBOTSON'S JOURNAL has terminated. It will hereafter appear as a monthly only, the size being changed so as to make it, when bound, a more convenient form for the book-shelf; and the price, in obedience to the popular demand for cheap literature, reduced to three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents per number. The new series opens with a strong table of contents, including the first of Julian Hawthorne's long-looked-for papers on London Suburban Life, and stories and articles by Albert Rhodes, Christian Real, Junius Henri Browne, Wirt Sikes, Albert F. Webster, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, E. L. Youmans, Constance F. Woodson, Edgar Fawcett and others. A story by George Sand, one of the latest of this author's productions, is begun. The magazine in its new form is varied and attractive in its contents, and altogether gives promise of a popular success. As a monthly, it will doubtless more nearly meet the wishes of its subscribers than in its former weekly issue.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July commends itself to particular notice by the appropriateness of its leading contributions. Besides the regular article on the Centennial Exhibition, and a "Glimpse of Philadelphia in July, 1776," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, both handsomely illustrated, there is a long Centennial poem, entitled "Psalm of the West," by Sidney Lanier, which contrasts most strikingly with the conventional odes usually associated with such occasions. Mrs. Hooper's account of "The Markets of Paris" is a readable paper on a capital subject, and an "Episode of the Revolution" is a curious and romantic bit of family history, in which several of the most notable personages of the period figure more or less prominently. In fiction we have the conclusion of "Leann Dundas," and of Edward Kearsley's "Thee and You."

OUR PICTURES.

All our illustrations are separately described. There remain only two pictures connected with the Turkish difficulties, and another relating to an outbreak in Morocco. The events at Salonica and Constantinople have already been fully represented in our columns.

HEARTH AND HOME.

AN ABSURD IDEA.—How exquisitely absurd to tell a girl that beauty is of no value—dress of no value. Beauty is of value; her whole prospect in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

"BORN MOTHERS."—Just as some women are bound to be mere dolls, toys and playthings of men and society—pretty puppets in gaudy dresses, hung about with jewels, and seated on velvet cushions—creatures for show and ornament, not for use nor yet for work—creatures that have to be pampered and indulged, and that are as helpless as the infants to which they give birth, but of which they alone of all the mothers in the animal world can take no care—so are there women who are born mothers—women consecrated by nature to that holiest place and function, even if fortune and history rule their lives otherwise.

BRAVE HEARTS.—He that looks out upon life from a soul of severe disposition, with hard and stringent motives, is ill-prepared to meet the experiences of this world; but he who has the sweetness of hope, he who has an imagination lit up with cheerfulness, he who has the sense of humour which softens all things—he who has the atmosphere of the mind—has made himself superior to accident. As the angel described by Milton, who was smitten by the sword, and whose wounds healed as soon as the sword was withdrawn, so ought man to be; and, when he receives a spear-thrust in life, no sooner should the spear be withdrawn than his flesh ought to "close and be itself again."

TRUTH.—Adhere rigidly and unflinchingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument.

BEING "FRANK."—Whenever people boast of being "frank," we know by experience that they mean that they have taken upon themselves the privilege of saying any ill-natured thing that comes uppermost. Really frank people do not know that they are so, and pleasant speeches are as likely to be blurted out as unpleasant ones. Often they are even ashamed of their outspokenness. Your professionally "frank" creature speaks after due consideration only, and when he has thoroughly decided what will hurt your feelings most. Catch him to be "frank" about anything that will please you: Your mental failings and personal deficiencies—what there is wrong in his estimation in your house and in your manners—these bring forth his comments. When people say anything against you, object to your size or your height, your good-natured weakness, or your hot temper, he is impelled to bring you tidings of the same. His "frankness" overmasters him; but be assured it never will if he hears a complimentary remark concerning you. Such speeches are lodged in the recesses of his own bosom, and his "frankness" never pumps them up.

MATERNAL LOVE AND INFLUENCE.—The relationship in which the mother stands to her child, the influence she is enabled to throw around him, renders her a very great and important agent in building up humanity. The mental and physical energies, the intellectual strength and power, the passions, the appetite, the habits, the inclinations, all come under her care and attention. As the boy begins to enlarge into incipient manhood, life is to him like a beautiful morning spread out on the fields. The mental vision is aroused, and the imagination, in its newly awakened perceptions, presents the scenes of life as a vast field of discovery and wonder. The mind seizes all that is grand, or vast, or wild, or beautiful—all that is decked in vivid colours of romance—with emotions of the keenest enthusiasm.

It is then that the mother, in her maternal capacity, should come nobly to the side of her child, and exert her best energies in guiding aright its mind along the rough and rugged pathway of life; to develop the germ of enthusiasm into purposes noble and good; to turn the impulses of the appetite upon pure and wholesome food; to imbue the mind with a spirit of pure human sympathy, with honour, virtue, and Christian manliness, that, as a gentle river, it may flow on through the valley of life to the boundless ocean of eternal existence.

All history and experience of the past have demonstrated, as well as the most eminent philosophers, statesmen, and divines have acknowledged, that the mother is enabled to exert more influence in shaping the character of men and nations than all other influences and powers combined. This great truth being so well established, how important it is that all who love the nation, who value the interests of themselves or society, should seek to make available

all those ways and means which give force and efficacy to this moral power!

The duty of the mother, in unfolding the germs of human existence—in bringing a thing from a state of helplessness to a state of activity, and making it a sentient being, fitted for the performance of its duties in this life, and the immortal part for the life that is to come—requires, on her part, all mental and moral strength that experience, perseverance, and self-discipline can accomplish. And that she may be equal to the trials, the sorrows, the anxieties, naturally incumbent upon her office, the Creator has endowed her with a love for her children which is beyond all the power of human agencies to extinguish.

Yet this maternal love must be regulated by reason. The mother must possess an intelligent love, the exercise of which will alone enable her to perform her duty—her whole duty—to her child, with reference to its present and future good. Maternal love should be restrained when the well-being of the child is seriously affected by its too free indulgence. How often is the child the victim of his own self-will—a source of trouble, sorrow, and anxiety to his parents, and a disgrace to his family, ay, to his race! And why? Because the mother thinks her "darling one" too precious to be refused the gratification of every inordinate wish or desire.

The mother should seek not only to repress the unnatural desires of her child, but, at the same time, endeavour to inculcate the principles of abstinence and virtue most essential to its physical, moral, and intellectual growth. Nor yet the inculcation of these principles does not consist in a series of punishments and rewards, or imperial directions and admonitions; but in the execution of those measures based upon the principles of benevolence and charity, of firmness and reason, of sympathy with human feelings, drawn from a knowledge of the laws of nature.

Thus will the buds of youth develop into blossoms of hope, beautifying and illuminating human character, and in the autumn of life be laden with the richest fruit of honour. Thus will humanity be purified and elevated, and the coming of the millennium be hastened. The mother who discharges her whole duty toward her child in educating and fitting him for the great and responsible duties of life, confers the richest blessing on humanity, and she is entitled to the most grateful homage of her age.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HUSBANDS and letter-paper should always be well rubed.

WHEN a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably sews in order that she may reap.

IT is justly said of woman that she divides our sorrows and doubles our joys. Pity she quadruples our expenses.

MONARCHS sit in the palaces, and command sea and land: all men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, which detained the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY.

R. B. HAYES.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the Republican candidate for President of the United States, was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822. His parents were natives of Vermont, and emigrated to Ohio in 1817. His first American ancestor of the name of Hayes was George Hayes, a Scotchman, who settled in Windsor, Connecticut, about 1680. His mother was descended from John Birchard, who came over with his father's family from England in 1635, and became one of the principal proprietors and settlers of Norwich, Connecticut. Three of his ancestors, Daniel Austin, Israel Smith and Elias Birchard, were members of the Revolutionary army, the latter dying during his term of service. Young Hayes graduated at Kenyon College in 1842, and three years afterward he graduated at the Law School, was admitted to the bar at Marietta, and began the practice of his profession at Fremont, Ohio, in partnership with General Ralph F. Buchland. In 1849 he removed to Cincinnati, and nine years later he was elected City Solicitor. This office he held until the breaking out of the Southern rebellion, when, with Judge Mathews, he raised a regiment for the Union service, and went out with it as Major. He led his regiment, forming part of General Reno's division, at the battle of South Mountain, in September, 1862, having received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment was the first that established a position on South Mountain. Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes was severely wounded in the arm, but remained with his regiment throughout the action. In 1862 he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, and placed in command of the Kanawha Division, then ordered back to West Virginia. Subsequently he was promoted to be Brigadier-General "for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek," and was brevetted Major-General for "gallant and distinguished services during

the campaigns of 1864, in West Virginia, and particularly in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek." In 1864 he was returned to represent the Second Congressional District of Ohio, and was elected by a majority of 3,098, and in 1866 he was re-elected. Before his Congressional term expired, in 1867, he was elected Governor of the State, and was re-elected in 1869. His opponent was Senator Thurman, the most popular Democratic leader in Ohio. On his retirement from the Governor's chair, General Hayes was again elected to Congress. In 1874 he was unanimously nominated for the third term as Governor. The Democracy nominated Governor Allen, and threw into the contest the best talent and effort at their command. General Hayes canvassed the entire State, making speeches in nearly every county, often making two or three at as many different places in a single day. For over two full months he was kept thus employed. The warmth and energy of the canvass was sufficiently attested by the fact that it brought out the largest vote by over sixty-three thousand ever cast in Ohio. The Republicans elected their entire State ticket and the Legislature, the majority for General Hayes being 5,544.

W. A. WHEELER.

Congressman William A. Wheeler, who has received the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, is a native of Malone, Franklin County, New York, and was born June 3, 1819. He received a common-school and academic education in his native town, and subsequently entered the University at Vermont, which he left in the year 1842 without graduating. He next studied law, and having been called to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession in his native county with considerable success. He showed marked ability in his profession, and in a few years was offered the nomination of District Attorney by the Democrats of Franklin County. He accepted the duties of his office in an able and impartial manner, and at the expiration of his term of office he was requested to become a candidate for the Whig interest. Mr. Wheeler threw himself into the contest warmly, and was elected. He only served one term, however, and at its close gave up for a time public life to business pursuits. He became cashier of the bank in his native town, and for fourteen years remained connected with it, displaying judicious judgment in all his transactions, and winning the esteem and confidence of all who had business relations with him. He also became interested in railroads, and was elected President of the Northern New York Railroad, which position he held for eleven years. At the death of the old Whig party Mr. Wheeler became a Republican, and in the year 1858 he was elected to the State Senate, of which he was made temporary president, a distinguished mark of the confidence in which he was held by the Republican party, who then for the first time fully controlled the Legislature. In 1860 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and in 1867 he was Chairman of the New York Constitutional Convention. A year later he re-entered Congress, and since that time he has been continuously in the House of Representatives up to the present day.

METHODS OF COOKING.

J. C. BUCKMASTER, F.C.S.

BOILING.—In boiling a piece of meat the vessel should be large enough to allow the meat to be entirely surrounded and covered with water, and sufficient to last the whole time of cooking. If the lid be kept on, the meat will be cooked in less time and with less fuel. Clean, soft water, when it can be obtained, should always be used, and filtered if necessary. If you wish to secure all the juice and flavour of the meat it should be put into boiling water, and then stood aside to simmer at a temperature not exceeding 190 degrees. Quick boiling will harden the tenderest piece of meat. The scum, which is chiefly congealed blood, and the dirt of the saucepan, should be carefully removed. The addition of a little cold water four or five times, in quantities of not more than a gill, will assist the raising of the scum. The time necessary is about a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes for a pound. Fresh-killed meat requires rather longer time than meat which has been hung a few days. A piece of string or tape, tied round the meat with a loop, will enable you to remove it from the saucepan without sticking the fork into it, which is always to be avoided, because the juices and flavour then go into the liquor.

STEWING is a gradual simmering. It may be done in a saucepan over the fire, or in a jar which will stand the fire, with a lid fitting steamtight. The common red jar is not to be recommended; it does not stand the heat, and the glaze, which is a composition of lead, often gives way in the presence of salt. Stone jars are preferable to metal saucepans; they can be easily cleaned, and they retain the heat better. For stewing, select lean meat, free from blood. The quantity of water should be about a quart to a pound of meat; but this liquor will be very rich, and it can easily be reduced, if necessary, with warm water. Add about a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. I think salt is best added towards the end of the cooking, as the tendency is to harden the meat. Peas boiled with salt pork will remain hard

throughout the cooking. Bring the water gradually to the boil, remove all the scum, and let the contents simmer till the flavour of the meat is absorbed in the liquor. Remove all the fat, which can be eaten with bread, or used for puddings or frying. All and every kind of meat will do for a stew. They may be used together or separately, according to taste or convenience. The better the meat, the better the stew; but by careful stewing the coarsest and roughest parts will become soft, tender, and easily digested, which would not be possible by any other cooking. All the gristly parts—the feet, shanks, knuckles—should be stewed. There is no other way of cooking these parts to advantage. They require time, and this is often the difficulty and objection; but what is there to prevent a woman when the family are all sitting round the fire in the evening thinking about to-morrow's dinner? The fire which warms the children will also cook their dinner. The great vice of most women, not only among the poor, but among the middle classes, is that they never think of cooking till they feel hungry. Trimmings of all kinds of meat can sometimes be purchased cheaply. A woman who has but little to spend should watch her opportunities. Sheep's feet, the shank-bones of legs of mutton, and pieces of bones and gristle are often thrown away as useless. We needed formerly to send ox-tails to the tanyard, and even now much goes there which could be turned into good food. Twopence or threepence spent in the purchase of bones—although containing little meat, they contain 30 per cent of gelatine, and may be made to yield excellent food; large bones should be broken into small pieces, and allowed to simmer till every piece of bone is white and dry. I have said nothing about flavouring or thickening, or adding vegetables. As a rule, all vegetables, except potatoes, may be cut into slices and cooked in the stew; or, if preferred, they may be cooked separately, and added afterwards. Carrots, turnips, parsnips, swedes, cabbages, leeks, onions, celery, beet-root, vegetable marrow—any or all of these may be used in a stew....

ROASTING.—I believe I am regarded as a sort of heretic on the question of roasting meat. My opinion is that the essential condition of good roasting is constant basting, and this the most is not likely to have when shut up in an iron box; and what is not easily done is easily neglected. Make up your fire, not by shooting on a scuffle of coals, but laying on the coals with your hands, using an old glove. Arrange the lumps of coal so that air passes freely into the fire. By this arrangement you may avoid stirring the fire, which should be done as little as possible. Just before putting down the meat (which may be suspended by a piece of worsted, if you have no other arrangements) clear up the fireplace, and throw to the back of the fire all the cinders and a little small coal slightly wetted. This will prevent waste of fuel, and throw the heat where you want it—in the front. If you have a meat screen, place it before the fire, so as to get moderately heated before the meat is hung to the fire. Heat reflected from bright metallic surfaces never dries or scorches the meat. Arrange the dripping-pan so that no ashes can fall into it, and just as far below the meat as will enable you to baste it easily. If you have a little dripping or stock, put about a gill into the dripping-pan for basting. Place a newspaper on the floor; this will keep your hearth clean. There is a right and a wrong way of hanging a piece of meat to roast. The thickest part should hang a trifle below the centre of the fire; and if this can be best done by hanging the shank of a leg of mutton downwards, do so.

HUMOROUS.

A Boston tailor has had his bill-heads stamped with a picture of a forget-me-not. This is all right as long as his customers have anemone.

SAID a Danbury farmer to his son who was lounging on the grass under an apple tree, the other afternoon: "While we are waiting to hear from Stanley, I guess we'd better mow the south meadow."

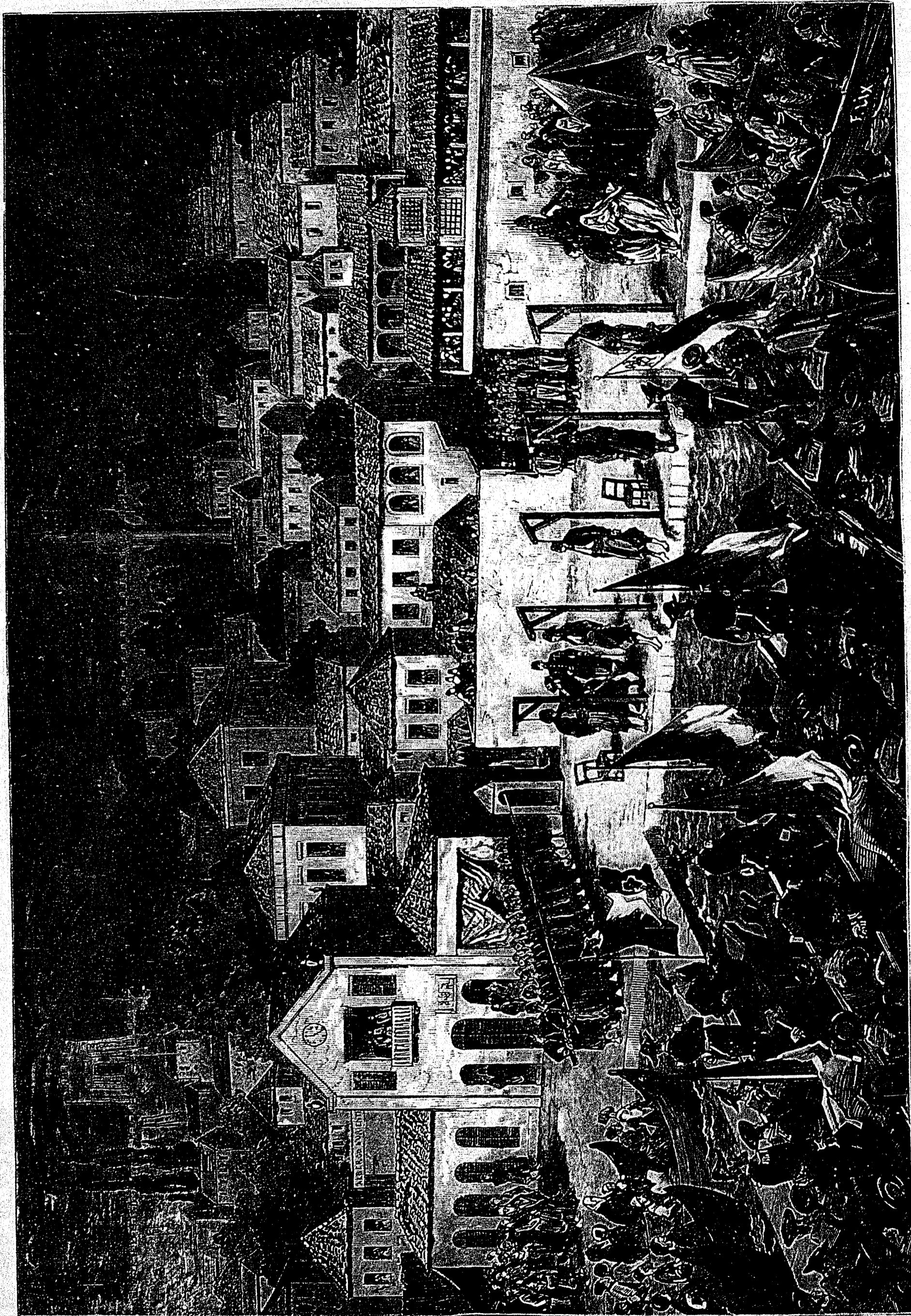
THE cook employed in one of our families was discharged the other day, and a new cook employed in her place. Two days after the new engagement the hired man announced his resignation. He said he couldn't stand the cooking. He was permitted to drop out.

NOTHING can be more impressively sublime than the sight of a man with no buttons on his coat, and a hole in the toe of his boot, standing on the steps of a free lunch establishment devouring a toothpick, and remarking to a friend that he hasn't decided yet whether he'll take his family to Long Branch or Newport this season.

CONTINENTAL papers are amusing themselves over a little anecdote purporting to come from London. It was when the Prince of Wales was at Malta, they say, that he received the invitation to be present at the concert of welcome to be given in his honour at the Crystal Palace, and he replied by telegraph: "With great pleasure—on condition that my brother of Edinburgh does not play the violin."

A certain Yankee judge was once obliged to double with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:—"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?"—"Yes, yer honour," said Pat; "and I think yer honour would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge too."

THIS year will be celebrated by the Centennial Exhibition and the many lies told about it. It has been ascertained that those who complained most bitterly of the exorbitant charges at the restaurants were persons who secured admittance on borrowed passes, and who, if first-class dinners had been selling at twenty cents, didn't have money enough in their pockets to purchase the smell of one.



SALONICA:—EXECUTION OF ASSASSINS OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN CONSULS, ON THE 12TH MAY.



MOROCCO :—ENGAGEMENT AT OUED-ISLY, BETWEEN THE ANGAD AND THE BENI-SENASSEN TRIBES.



CONSTANTINOPLE :—VIEW OF THE DIVAN-YOLOU STREET, DURING THE DEMONSTRATION BY THE SOFTAS.

EPICEDE.

(James Laeimer Graham died at Florence, April 30, 1876.)

Life may give for love to death
Little: what are life's gifts worth
To the dead who rest with earth?

Dead so long before his day.
Passed out of the Italian sun
To the dark where all is done.

Not a kinder life or sweeter.
Time, that lights and quenches men.
Now many quench or light again.

In this heavenliest part of earth
He that living loved the light.
Light and song may rest aright.

Light, and song, and sleep at last—
Struggling hands and suppliant knees
Get no softer gift than these.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

SMITH, BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON.

"Then that is understood," said M. N. of Calais to M. V. of the same place. "All you have to do is just to ask the name, and courteously invite the party to pass on."

The speaker was the urbane gentleman who asks you for your name when you land at Calais. The person addressed was M. V., an employe of the French Customs, who had undertaken to replace M. N. for the day and do duty for him.

M. V. is one of the most courteous and obliging officials of the port of Calais; but, like most Frenchmen, he is very touchy upon the point of his personal dignity; and, above all things, he cannot bear the notion of being made-gauche-of, or having fun poked at him, even in the mildest form.

It was a Saturday in May. The weather was delightful and the sea smooth as a mirror. There was a light favourable breeze, and the Dover-Calais boat made accordingly one of the finest passages on record, without a single case of seasickness on board.

Now it came to pass that these twenty-four gentlemen were the first to land. M. V. uttered his, "Your names, sare, iv you pleases?" with most polished courtesy to the first gentleman coming up to him, who, with a polite bend of the head, responded, "Smith, if you please."

Brown, Jones, Robinson came in their turn; then Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson over again, and once more, without producing the least change in M. V.'s punctiliously polite invitation to pass on.

"Very strange," he muttered to himself, as Brown, Jones and Robinson were passing him again in turn; "Smis, Braouenne, Dzones, Robinsonne! It is most extraordinary; but it can hardly be that they would dare to make game of me and the port regulations."

Why, indeed, should these gentlemen, who did not even know him personally, indulge in a mild joke at his expense? It was not likely. When, however, the Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson of the sixth batch were passing him, the humiliating suspicion that he was actually being made-gauche-of by these insolent sons of perfidious Albion became strongly confirmed in M. V.'s mind.

"It is quite evident now," he muttered to himself, with his feelings of offended personal dignity bubbling up within him to the verge of boiling over; "it is quite evident that they are poking their fun at me. Ah, well, gentlemen of England, we will soon see whether we cannot put a stop to this somehow."

M. V., thus touched to the quick in his tenderest susceptibilities, and full resolved to spoil the Englishmen's suspected little game, looked no longer quite the same calmly urbane gentleman who had so courteously invited the first batches of Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons to pass on.

So on the next two gentlemen coming up to him, who were altogether unconnected with the twenty-four confederates, and were both of them stout, fair-faced, light-haired, and auburn-whiskered unmistakable Anglo-Saxons, the indignant official almost unwittingly threw the irritation of his mind into his stereotyped inquiry.

By a merry coincidence, the names of the two happened to be Smith and Brown respectively. When Mr. Smith honestly responded to the question addressed to him, M. V. completely lost his temper.

"Ah!" he shouted with angry gesticulations, "ah, vonn ozzair sare Smis; and zee ozzair sare vonn ozzair sare Braouenne!" he added inquiringly.

Whereupon Mr. Brown, who did not quite understand what was said, but thought he caught the sound of his name, simply responded with perfect cheerfulness, "Yes, my name is Brown."

This was too much. It was the last straw. It achieved the complete upsetting of M. V.'s balance of mind.

"Ah!" shouted the irate official, "you makes zee engproppair zing, gentlemen; you larif at me zee nose!"

Then he proceeded to tell them in most voluble French that such conduct was but an indifferent return for his politeness to the passengers; that it was in fact an unbecoming want of common courtesy on their part; that the asking of the names of the passengers, though it might seem to them a mere immaterial matter of form, was yet strictly enjoined by the port regulations; and that they had better conform to those regulations, as he, M. V., was determined to do his duty; also that he was convinced in his mind that the one gentleman's name was not Smith, as little as the other gentleman's name was Brown; and that they had better tell their real names.

Now Mr. Smith, altogether innocent of French, and but little more enlightened by the introduction in broken English to M. V.'s excited objurgation, simply could make out that the gesticulating official before him was highly incensed; why, he could not possibly guess. So turning to an amused bystander—one of the twenty-four confederates, in fact, who had lingered behind in the expectation that some such scene was not unlikely to be the upshot of his and his companions' joke—Mr. Smith began to address that gentleman, with a look of inquiry.

"What the dickens—" He was not permitted to proceed further; for M. V. shouted angrily at him.

"Ah, sare, Voltaire Dickens! Vat for you zey Smis, sare? Vat for you larif me at zee nose, sare?" Then rounding his excited address off with an emphatic French oath, he turned fiercely upon Mr. Brown, asking him impudently who he was. At this juncture the aforesaid bystander kindly intervened, volunteering his services as interpreter.

"He wants to know what you are," he said to his perplexed countryman, "what trade or business," changing thus the who to what with *malice prepense*.

Mr. Brown angrily replied, "What's that to the cursed frog-eater? However, I am a fishmonger, if he must know."

Now M. V.'s extensive knowledge of English apparently did not extend to frog-eater and fishmonger. So he turned with a look of bewilderment to the volunteer interpreter, who cheerfully gave a French version of Mr. Brown's remark, with a few touches of extra colouring maliciously thrown in, which wrought the irritation of the incensed Frenchman to a still higher pitch.

"I gif you frogges, I gif you fisses, sare. Blaggair!" he cried angrily. He then asked in French whether the two gentlemen who chose to call themselves Smith and Brown had any visiting cards or letters upon them, or any other papers that would show that they were really entitled to these names.

On this being explained to the two passengers, they at once put down their travelling bags and proceeded to produce from their breast-pockets goodly-sized pocket-books, the contents of which they thrust indignantly under the eyes of the astounded M. V., who, seeing a number of letters, bills of lading, invoices, &c., to the addresses respectively of T. Smith and W. Brown, was fain at last, however reluctantly, to yield belief to the evidence of his sense of sight, and immediately presented his most courteous apologies to the two Anglo-Saxons, simply remonstrating mildly against Mr. Smith having given the name of "Voltaire Dickennes," which imputation, when explained to him by the officious interpreter, that gentleman indignantly denied. He was not any of those chaps, he said, who went about the world with a pocketful of aliases.

While this scene was being enacted, most of the other passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, had unceremoniously made their way past the official, who now declared that he was quite satisfied and need not detain the remaining passengers for the sake of a mere matter of form. He left the landing-stage much exercised in his mind, and pondering deeply upon the mysterious dispensation and distribution of names among the English.

official, who now declared that he was quite satisfied and need not detain the remaining passengers for the sake of a mere matter of form. He left the landing-stage much exercised in his mind, and pondering deeply upon the mysterious dispensation and distribution of names among the English.

"You see," he said, that self-same night to his friends at the cafe, "it is a most extraordinary thing, most strange and astounding, but it is a fact notwithstanding, that all these English are called either Smis, or Braouenne, or Dzones, or Robinsonne. I would not believe it, as I could not think it possible, but I have had to-day placed before me the most convincing proofs of the fact. They are indeed the most incredibly eccentric people, these English!"

FORT WALSH.

The building of Fort Walsh, one of the most important posts in the possession of the North West Mounted Police Force, was completed in September, 1875. It is pleasantly situated on the banks of Battle Creek which traverses the valley of the Cypress Hills, so called from the extensive growth of cypress trees that grace their sides. Prior to its establishment these hills formed the centre of a district noted for its scenes of murder and horse stealing, as well as the bloody encounters of Indian tribes. The boundary line lies thirty miles south of the Fort, which is distant about one hundred and fifty miles from Fort Benton (Montana), the head of navigation on the Missouri. Twenty miles from the post, at the head of the Cypress mountains, is situated the old fighting ground of the Black-foot, Crow, Assiniboines, Piegans, (pronounced pagans) and Sioux, and where, no later than last year, the Piegans Chief "Black Eagle" at the head of his band, fought with and routed the Assiniboines. The massacre of the Assiniboines by a band of white men from Montana, (U. S.) occurred two miles east of the Fort. These men were arrested by demand of the Canadian Government and tried at Helena, (Montana), under the Extradition Treaty, but want of evidence failed to convict them. Three of their number were arrested on the Canadian side of the boundary, two of them at Fort McLeod and one at Fort Walsh. They are now at Fort Garry, awaiting their trial which will take place next June. The Fort was built, is commanded by, and named after Major J. M. Walsh, whose command consists of three officers, one surgeon, and fifty men with their horses, arms, and accoutrements. The former reign of murder, rapine, and utter lawlessness has given place to that of order and safety, both of persons and property, with every indication of its continuance.

THE SOFTAS.

It is fair to compare the Turkish Softas to the students of a complete American University, such as Ann Arbor, Yale, or Harvard, or still better, to those of a German University in a small town, says Heidelberg or Jena. They are the theological, legal, and literary students of the Turkish metropolis, connected with some well-endowed Mosque, for instance that of Mehmed, Achmed, or St. Sophia, and are to Turkey what "Young America," is to us. Being connected with the established law and theology, they enjoy some popularity and are usually the leaders of popular movements and upheavals in Constantinople. Some mosques have as many as 500 Softas, and the City of Constantinople contains thousands of them. The word Sotta is derived from the Persian, and means burned, because the bearers of this appellation are supposed to have a burning desire for knowledge, wisdom and holiness. The Softas then have no constitutional share in the Turkish Government, but by their accurate information, influence and daring can carry a measure which it would be difficult to enact in the ordinary manner. They compelled the late Sultan a few days ago by personal threats to dismiss his principal officials, the Grand Vizier and the Moolfi or Spike-ul-Islam, the heads of the Administration, and the Islam, and demanded that he should give up at least 25,000,000 of the hundreds he had appropriated. They are now supporting the new Vizier, Midhat Pasha, who has been mainly instrumental in deposing Abdul Aziz. Ordinarily the Softas are fanatic Turks, but in the last revolution their steps have been at the same time radical, successful and wholesome. The Softas illustrate the political axiom that a despot is more dependent upon the opinions of the common people than is a constitutional king or a republican president.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TIETIENS is to return in the autumn. CELLARIUS, inventor of the polka, recently died in Paris.

It is said that SALVINI, the tragedian, has lost his great popularity in London, and that it is no longer possible to have Shakespeare interpreted through the medium of a foreign tongue.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS J. W. S., Montreal—Letter received. Many thanks. We shall be glad to hear the result of the match.

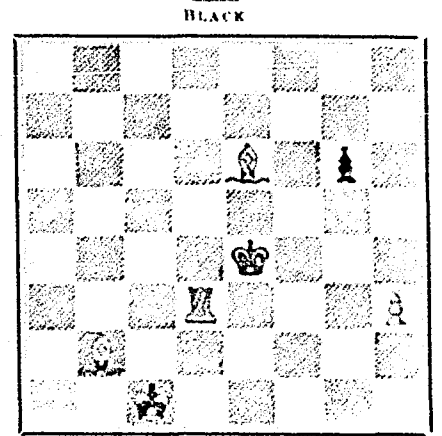
W. A., Montreal—Letter and Problem received. Many thanks. We entirely agree with you that end games furnish a class of Problems of a most interesting nature. As you remark, many of the Problems of the day are most improbable and eccentric, and almost useless to the Chess student.

We have seen the programme of the Philadelphia Tournament, but it does not materially differ from what we gave last week, except that no statement is made with reference to the value of the prizes, which it appears will be regulated by the amount collected, and full particulars will not be published until after the 15th day of July next.

The proposal for a great match between London and New York is still spoken of, but nothing definite has yet transpired.

A match by correspondence of two simultaneous games between two players of the Montreal Chess Club, and two prominent members of the Quebec Chess Club has been carried on for some time past. One game has already been won by Quebec, but we have been respectful not to publish it till the other game is decided.

PROBLEM No. 78. By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.



White to play and mate in four moves. The two subjoined games were played recently in London, England, between Mr. Macdonnell and Major Martin. We are indebted to Laed and Water for them.

GAME 107th.

- WHITE—(Mr. Macdonnell) BLACK—(Major Martin)
1. P to K 4 P to K 1
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 4
3. B to B 4 B to B 4
4. P to Q K 4 B takes P
5. P to Q B 3 B to B 4
6. P to Q 4 B takes P
7. Castles P takes P
8. Q to K 3 Q to B 3
9. P to K 5 Q to K 5
10. Kt takes P K to K 2
11. B to R 3 (ch) P to K 4
12. Kt takes P B to Q K 2 (ch)
13. Q to R 4 B to K 2 (ch)
14. Q R to Q sq K takes B
15. B takes Kt K takes B
16. Q to R 3 (ch) P to Q sq
17. K R to K sq K to R 3
18. Kt to B 4 Kt to Q 5
19. Kt to Q 5 Kt takes Kt (ch)
20. Q takes Kt R to K sq
21. Kt takes B (ch) Q takes Kt (ch)
22. R takes P (ch) K takes R
23. Q takes P (ch) Resigns

NOTES—(Condensed.)

- (a) Dr. Zukertort undoubtedly the highest authority on the Evans Gambit, recommends this move. Mr. Black favours B to K 2, and Mr. Wormald prefers Q Kt to K 2. We believe the move in the text to be the most effective of the three.
(b) This is by no means satisfactory, but, on the other hand, the usual move (P to Q R 4) appears to be a better.
(c) An excellent stroke. If Black now captures the Q with B, he will be mated forthwith.
(d) If P takes Kt would have been better play, although in that case White could have continued with Q to K R 3, with a winning attack.

GAME 108th.

- WHITE—(Mr. Macdonnell) BLACK—(Major Martin)
1. P to K 4 P to K 1
2. P to K B 4 P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3 P to Kt 1
4. B to B 4 B to Kt 2
5. B to K R 4 P to K R 3
6. P takes P P takes R
7. B takes R B takes R
8. P to Q 4 Q to B 3
9. Kt to B 3 Kt to K 2
10. P to K Kt 3 P to Kt 5
11. B takes P P takes R 1
12. Q takes P Q Kt to B 4
13. Castles Kt takes P
14. R takes Kt Q takes R
15. B takes P (ch) K to Q sq
16. B takes Q B P (ch) And (a) Black resigned

NOTE.

(a) Black's game does not appear to be absolutely hopeless, but White's passed pawn would probably have cost him a piece in the long run.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 76.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 2 P takes Q
2. Kt to K 4 mate if
1. K takes Kt or
B takes R or
P takes B
2. Kt from Q 6 to
Q R 5 mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Player No. 75.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6 (ch) K to K 4
2. B to K B 4 (ch) K takes B or (A)
3. Q to K K 3 mate Q to K 3 mate
2. K to Q 5
3. Q to Q B 4 mate (A)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 79.

(A position occurring in actual play.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
Kt at K R 3 K at K R 1
R at K B 5 K at Q R 4
B at Q Kt sq Pawns at Q R 5
Pawns at K B 3 K R 4 and K R 3
K R 3 and K R 4
White to play and mate in three moves.

THE FIRST TRILLIUM.

This Canadian flower of a dazzling white often changes to a deep crimson before it dies.

THE FIRST TRILLIUM.

The hoary-headed winter had sunk down to sleep, Had led us to a huddle, when did haunt The ghosts of winter's winds, now howling shrill, now deep Around the skeletons in forests gaunt.

Among the woods close by a silvery chilly stream Chanting in the gloom its murmurs low; Mid all the wet and dank sadness is one happy gleam As the first night star trembling into glow.

Here thro' pallid ferns, dead twigs, and leaves in brown decay Shouts up on emerald stem a silver star, A snowflake, wifful in this form to see a day In spring, and welcome summer from afar.

He snowy had none of all had been to meet And trustful to unfold to first warm ray And with hope-inspiring confidence did wait to greet The full glad brightness chasing gloom away.

Expectancy is lost in joy! It comes at last! The happy, sunny, life-renewing Spring! Draws sprouting buds from earth and trees, while gliding past The cheer-trifling stream and winds begin to sing.

The faint pink blush which ecstasy of hope had spread On the pure lily, not as most flowers, wan With too great joy, now deepens into fervid red And glows with tropic ruddiness ere its gone.

Sweet Trillium! much hopeful comfort thou dost show To all whose youth is hardship, grief or care, When sorrow's clouds disperse, and burdens lighter grow, None may with nobler grace life's sunshine wear! "COTE ST. ANTOINE."

THE COPPER LIGHTNING ROD.

We will give next week a view of the Office and Factory of the Ontario Copper Lightning Rod Company at 173 and 175 James St., North, Hamilton, Ont.

This company was incorporated by Charter from the Government of Ontario, on the 27th April, 1876, with a capital stock of \$50,000, divided into five hundred shares of \$100 each.

The purpose of the company is manufacturing and putting up Copper Lightning Conductors in this Dominion, and it is managed by gentlemen of large experience in the business.

It is manifestly very desirable that the important work of protecting life and property from destruction by lightning, should only be undertaken by thoroughly informed and reliable persons.

The incorporation of this company makes it an institution of the country, and places the business upon a permanent basis, and the people may now know to whom they are entrusting the critical work of defending their homes and property against the death-dealing lightning stroke, which each year becomes more hazardous as the country is improved, and the forest trees cut down. The trees not only shade the ground and retard evaporation, but every twig and branch makes a better path for the return of electricity to the earth than does the atmosphere, and thus the forests not only retard the dense accumulation of electricity in the cloud, but are mediums of its return to the earth. Thus, each year, the subject of protecting buildings from lightning becomes more and more important. This company has already done a large business in this city, this season. The Conductor manufactured by them which consists of seven tubes of copper wrapped together, forming a continuous line, without interruption from highest point to lowest end, is very highly recommended by the most distinguished electricians of the country. Prof. Croft, of Toronto University, closes a detailed report on the Conductor, by saying: "I am therefore prepared to recommend very strongly your continuous tubular Copper Lightning Conductor for general use." Professor Richard, the well-known electrician and lecturer on natural science, closes a commendatory letter, by saying: "I cannot doubt that its superior merits will soon secure for it that pre-eminence in use to which its scientific construction entitles it." Our distinguished fellow citizens, F. H. Badger, Superintendent of the Fire Alarm Telegraph, and O. S. Wood, late manager of the Montreal Telegraph Company, both recommend this Conductor very highly. Among the prominent buildings in this city, to which the company has applied its conductors, is St. Patrick's Church. In this case, a most thorough test of the capacity of the Conductor, and the execution of the work was made by Mr. F. H. Badger, with the most satisfactory results.

Among electricians there is no more doubt of the possibility of defending against lightning injuring a house or its inmates, than of keeping the rain out of it, but only those who understand the business are competent to do either.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. JOHNS.

About nine o'clock on Sunday, 18th instant, a most destructive conflagration visited St. Johns, Que. The wind was blowing a perfect hurricane at the time. An alarm of fire was given by some parties living in the vicinity of de Bonquet's lumber mill, situated within 100 yards of the Central Vermont Railway station in that town. Fifteen minutes after, and before the fire apparatus of St. Johns—which, by the way, is very meagre—arrived, the flames had spread from the numerous piles of lumber to the planing mill owned by Bonquet, and the wind had fanned the flames to such an extent that the inhabitants became horror-stricken. The whole town was threatened, and the people set to work to remove their household effects all over the place. At this stage the planing mills had become a crumbling mass of ruins, an immense pile of lumber had become reduced to

ashes, whilst sparks had been igniting houses at a considerable distance off, and the residence of Engineer Flanders, of the Central Vermont Railway, was one of the first to become a prey to the fiery element. So furious was the blaze that in ten minutes the whole house was incircled by fire, notwithstanding the exertions of a large number of people. Other houses had already caught fire from the burning embers that were falling. In thirty minutes from the first alarm the whole business portion of St. Johns was in flames, and the people were fleeing for their lives, being stifled in their progress with the smoke. The scene was really heartrending—mothers groping their way in the dense smoke calling their children, and bewailing their loss. The Post-office, Custom House, both hotels, several splendid stores, with their contents, and telegraph office on Richelieu street were burned down. In fact, the whole place is now in ruins, and the loss is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Worms in children, if neglected, lead to fatal results. If a child does not sleep well, is restless and uneasy, keeps picking its nose, or does not seem well, though it may not be positively sick, it has worms, and nothing will relieve it, so speedily, and effectually, as WINGATE'S WORM LOZENGES.

MARRIED.

JOHNSTON—ROBERTSON.—At Elmhurst, on the 22nd inst., by the Rev. William Taylor, D.D., of Erskine Church, assisted by the Rev. James Hally, of St. Theresa de Blainville, James Johnston, Jr., son of James Johnston, Esq., Ailsa, to Agnes Grant, second daughter of Andrew Robertson, Esq. Left for New York.

DEATH.

Died at Hutchinson, Colorado, June 17th., Joseph Louis Philip, child of Alfred J. and Julia Doré Mullins, aged 10 months.

Advertisement for 'THE INFANTS' ROYAL FOOD AND INVALIDS' by J. MURPHY, 766, Craig St., Montreal. Includes text: 'NUTRITIOUS, DELICIOUS & ECONOMICAL FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.' and '14-1-13-132'

Advertisement for 'Mantina Decorating' by J. MURPHY, 766, Craig St., Montreal. Includes text: 'In first-class Style.' and '14-1-13-135'

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS, 235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 13-9-52-88

Advertisement for 'MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA' with 'NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF FOUR PER CENT.' and details of the dividend payment.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current Half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies, on and after

Monday, the 3rd of July next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the FIFTEENTH to the THIRTIETH JUNE NEXT, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held in the BANKING HOUSE, in this City, on

Monday, the 3rd day of July next. The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock (noon) precisely. By order of the Board.

JACKSON RAE, GENERAL MANAGER. Montreal, 27th May, 1876. 13-24-4-127

Advertisement for 'CANADIAN STEAM USERS' featuring an illustration of a steam locomotive and text: 'INSURANCE ASSOCIATION CAPITAL, \$500,000.'

Issues Policies of Insurance, after a careful inspection of the Builders, covering all loss or damage to BOILERS, BUILDINGS, & MACHINERY, arising from the Explosion of STATIONARY, MARINE, and LOCOMOTIVE STEAM BOILERS. Jos. H. BERRY, General Manager and Sec.-Treas. B. F. HEDDEN, General Inspector. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. THOS. WILLIAMS, Inspector, American House, Montreal 13-20-26-128

Advertisement for 'LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE. Includes text: 'In consequence of Spurious Imitations of Lea & Perrins' Sauce, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted A New Label, bearing their Signature, thus—' and 'which will be placed on every bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, after this date, and without which none is genuine.'

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World. To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL. MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 13-1-36

Advertisement for 'JAS. K. POLLOCK, CARVER, GILDER, Looking Glass, Picture Frame AND PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER. No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 13-1-28

Advertisement for '\$225! PIANO-FORTES. \$225!' by LEICESTER, BUSSIERE & CO., Piano Manufacturers, 270 Mountain St. 13-4-52-67

Advertisement for 'SMITH'S NATURE'S REMEDY' for 'GREEN MOUNTAIN' cures: 'Scrofula, Erysipelas, Cancers, Piles, Syphilis, Heart-Disease, Liver Complaint, and all Eruptions of the Skin.' Sole Agents for Canada.

Advertisement for 'PURELY VEGETABLE RENOVATOR' as 'CHEAPEST AND BEST.'

Advertisement for 'JOHN DOUGALL & SON' featuring a stack of newspapers: 'DAILY WITNESS', 'MONTREAL WITNESS', 'WEEKLY WITNESS', 'CANADIAN MESSENGER', 'NEW DOMINION', 'MONTHLY'. Text: 'Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain, cheaply and neatly done.' 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain, cheaply and neatly done. \$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address: I. V. VICKERY & CO. Augusta, Maine. 13-1-47 50 VISITING CARDS, nicely printed, for 25 cents 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c 4cp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-13-131

JOHN DATE, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER, Copper Smith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus, 657 AND 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 13-9-52-89

Advertisement for 'LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 365 Notre Dame Street, 13-10-52-91 MONTREAL. Includes illustration of a woman sewing.

D. R. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList & AURIST. Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted. 37 Beaver Hall, Office hours before 10.30 a.m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. 13-7-52-77

HUTCHISON & STEEL, ARCHITECTS, Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 181 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 13-9-52-87

Advertisement for 'CHROMOS LARGE AND SMALL—FOR DEALERS, AGENTS AND TEA STORES.' Includes text: 'The largest and finest assortment in North America. Twenty 9 x 11 Chromos for \$1.00. Address W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury St., Montreal. Headquarters for Foreign and American Chromos. Send for Superbly Illustrated Catalogue. 14-1-26-134'

Advertisement for 'DOMINION PLATE GLASS INSURANCE OFFICE' by ALEXANDER RAMSAY, 37, 39 and 41 RECOLLET STREET, MONTREAL. Reference: Citizens' Insurance Co. 13-1-47

Advertisement for 'THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horingsham, near Warrminster, Wilts:—' and 'NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 13-1-41-26w.'

Advertisement for 'SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S ACADEMY DANCING AND DEPORTMENT NOW OPEN. 13-1-41

Advertisement for 'DR. ROBERTS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT CALLED THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an untailing remedy for wounds of every description: a certain cure for Ulcerated Sore Legs, even of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, and is a Specific for those afflicting Eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold in Pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. each. DR. ROBERTS'S PILULE ANTISCROPHULE OR ALTERNATIVE PILLS, confirmed by sixty years' experience to be one of the best medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting Nature in her operations. Hence they are useful in Scorbatic, Scorbatic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the Neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, which may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 22s. each. BY THE PROPRIETORS, BEACH AND BARNICOTT, AT THEIR DISPENSARY, BRIDPORT, ENGLAND. And by all respectable Medicine Vendors. 13-1-44

Advertisement for 'THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER' with text: 'Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Bolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.'

Advertisement for 'THE COOK'S FRIEND' with text: 'SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 35 College Street. 13-17-52-110

Advertisement for 'THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!' with text: 'Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 13-12-52-98 BULMER & SHEPPARD.'

Advertisement for 'JAMES WRIGHT, 501 Craig Street, Manufacturer of W.G. CARPETING, CHURCH, Bank, Store and Office Fittings, Fancy Wainscots, Parquet Floors, Carving, Turned Floors, Sawing, Planing, &c. 1st prize for Wood Carpeting at Toronto and Ottawa Exhibition of 1874 and 1875. 13-8-52-85

REVOLVERS! REVOLVERS! New Seven-shot Nickel
 plated Salt-acting REVOLVER, and 100 Cartridges,
 or \$5.00. Circulars free.
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THREE or **FOUR** Respectable and Intelli-
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For **COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.**
Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile
 Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition,
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Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of
 Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin
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 These valuable remedies are all prepared under the
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 25 years experience, and are recommended by the Pro-
 fessors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery.
 For sale at all the principal Druggists. 13-17-52-109

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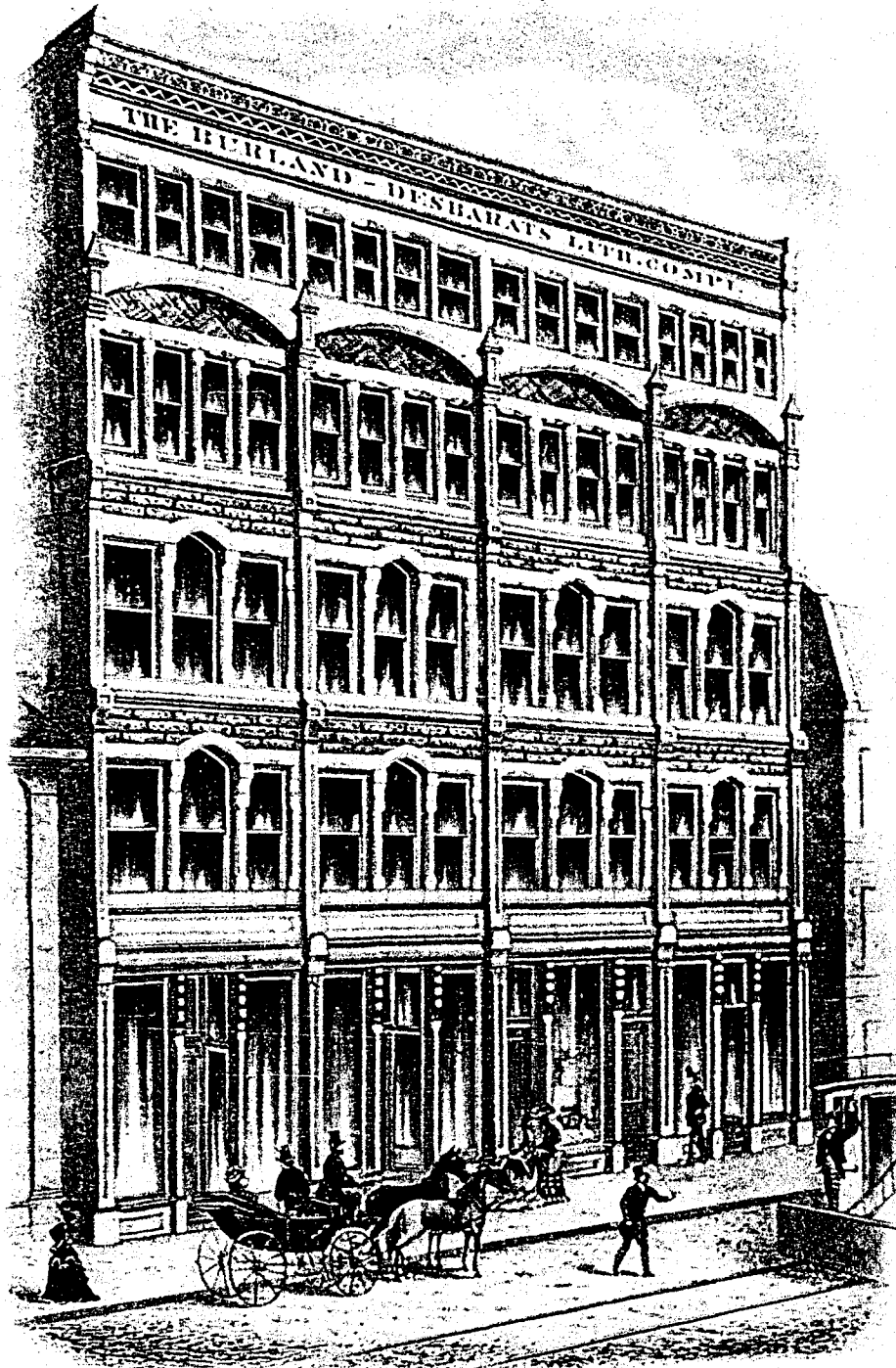
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